

30
+66 **DISSIPATION.**

Engl. Theatre vol. 40 p. 1
**A
C O - M E D Y,**

**I N
F I V E A C T S,**

AS IT IS PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL,

**I N
D R U R Y - L A N E.**

BY MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ. *K*

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. BECKET, ADELPHI, STRAND,

M,DCC,LXXXI.

(Price One Shilling and Six-pence.)

DISSEMINATION

A

COMMISSION

OF THE

AS IT IS PERFORMED

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL

IN

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P R E F A C E.

THIS Comedy having abided the decision of the public, having undergone the strictures of criticism, and, notwithstanding its numerous errors, having fortunately met with general approbation, the author hopes he may, in conjunction with other disposers of the drama, be indulged with a few remarks of his own.

The great objection to this play has been the want of plot, an objection which the author will not pretend to dispute; but then he begs it may be considered, that his chief aim in writing was to draw a lively picture of the manners of high life, characterised by an easy indifference to the vicissitudes of fortune, and a kind of indolent acceptance of every fashionable enjoyment; he therefore imagined an intricacy of plot would ill accord with the delineation of personages, who would not themselves undergo the fatigue of engaging in a multiplicity of business, to promote either their dearest interests, or their fondest pleasures. To supply this defect, the author has endeavoured to support, through five acts, a pleasant laughable dialogue, heightened by stage situation; an undertaking, in his opinion, full as difficult as the invention of fable. How far he has succeeded, is now submitted to the candid consideration of the reader.

Having said thus much concerning the reception of the play before the curtain, it may be necessary to mention the treatment it has met with behind.

Mr. Sheridan, it must be confessed, has taken away several *witty* things from this comedy, which probably would have had a *striking* and *very violent* effect; but should he, in his *great dearth* of genius, ever venture to introduce them in any future production

of his own, and the audience should not immediately perceive the *difference*, the original author will certainly put in his claim to all the merit they possess.

But to be serious—To the proprietors of the theatre all thanks are due for their care, attention, and liberality in getting up this play ; and to Mr. Linley in particular, for his politeness in offering, and his skill in composing, the music introduced in the third act.

Of the performers, for their diligence and their unrivalled talents, the author cannot say enough ; like Sir Andrew Acorn, in the comedy, it is impossible for him to do them justice, and, therefore, he won't undertake it.

Mrs. Abington's elegant deportment, her perfect knowledge of polished life, the graceful ease and natural sprightliness with which she plays the part of Lady Rentless, can only be equalled by the chearfulness and affability with which she accepted it.

Mr. King's excellence may not be dwelt upon, lest from the recollection of Puff, in the Critic, the real tribute of applause might force an improper smile.

Mr. Parsons—but it is impossible to be serious about him—from the moment he appears on the stage to the end of the piece, he neither walks, looks, or speaks, without calling forth the risibility of the audience ; the part may have some merit, but with such support, that character must be poorly drawn indeed that would not please.

Mr. Palmer, Mr. Baddeley, and the rest of the performers, are equally intitled to the gratitude of the author, but for the critic reason, hinted at above, he will not venture to enlarge further on their commendation.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by Captain TOPHAM;

Spoken by Mr. KING.

WHAT a strange title this is—Diffipation!—
Ideal whim!—the author's wild creation!

In this romantic, sentimental age,
Exists there such a folly—off the stage?

The satire's false—Our bard has wander'd much—
We're wise and prudent, as our friends—the Dutch.

Look to our careful Commons, frugal Lords;
No waste there—Yes—some little waste—of words.

But more there are, who thrifty rhetoric shew,
The close, mum eloquence of—Aye and No:

They mark *Don Whiskerandos* to a letter,
“And if it must, the less is said, the better.”

See too his Grace amid New-market Sirs,
That deep fraternity of boots and spurs!
View him full dress'd—half flannel and half leather,
Up to twelve stone—or sweated to a feather.
In no profusion is he known to sin;
He takes fair pains—and sometimes more—to win;
But should the faithful dice for once run cross,
Not he—“my little Premium paysh de. loss.”
No falling trees or ruin'd farms deplore him,
His fires, good men! have made all smooth before him.

In gentler bosoms does this folly reign!
First, at Salt Hill, of all the hunting train,
Behold the *broad brim'd Dian* of the day,
Top five-bar gates, and shew the field the way?
“Sure,” cries some bridling dame, for scandal ready,
“These leaps are not so prudent in a lady.
“No, Ma'am! why not?—Grant Miss should have a
“A friendly settlement will cover all.” [fall,

In short, the rage of Diffipation's o'er;
The very clubs have voted it a—bore.
Their paper currency is under par;
For gold *they* mutiny—or cut the war.
Nay, tho' a grave divine's convenient plan,
Invites to take some twenty wives a man,
The prudent soul rejects the blessings sent him,
And finds—I hear at least—one wife content him.

But

But should our headstrong bard have dar'd to-night,
 In bold contempt of precedent, to write
 Five comic acts, with mournful scenes unblest,
 And only entertaining at the best,
 To draw from rakes reform'd no—moral speeches—
 No decent sentiments from Miss—in breeches—
 In short, should he have penn'd a laughing play,
 And rashly thrown some idle wit away,
 Pray, gentlemen—I beg no hesitation—
 Damn him! and shew you hate all Dissipation.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

Written by the AUTHOR.

FASHION's the word---again at her command
To mark her sovereign sway I take my stand,
All ranks alike adore my potent queen
From proud St. James's Square, to Bethnal-Green,
The titled dame not more her head can toss
Than the ship captain's wife, at Ratcliff-Cross,
Nor more contemptuous frowns the birth-night belle
Than does the drawn up Miss, of Clerkenwell;
All would be fine, the difference only---what?
Her Grace thinks *this* genteel, and Madam *that*,

The fair of high descent and noble blood
Esteems it vulgar to be understood,
Proud of the worth her ancestors bequeath her
She thinks the gifts of Nature far beneath her
Rejects low talents that disgrace her station;
And scorns the meanness of articulation,
In a half whisper thus, our minds we tell
How'ch you do !---'t see you---'p you're very well,
Sir John, an urchin just emerg'd from school,
Disdains with *Hoyden girls*, to *play the fool*.

"O curse the women all! but those who play
"How do you like my buckles? Made by *Gray*."
"Dancing's a bore---and love sad stuff at best is,
"Damn it, I hate all dancing, but the *Vestris*."

In humbler life still fashion is the word
Full as fantastic and yet more absurd.

The great fat wife of some great fat shopkeeper
Deep in court-mourning grey, and somewhat deeper,
Cramm'd in a Hackney-coach at Cutler's Hall
Takes three coarse misses to the Mile-end ball;
Then, waddling up the room roars out to spouse
"Here's no good company at all, I vows,"

And there's Miss Pumpkin, dizen'd out in red, [dead.
Why don't you knows? Knows what? Why knows who's
Dead! Lord have mercy, who? Our great third cousin
Adolphus-Wolfus-Peter Herring Buffen."

Thus thro' the world 'tis still our constant aim
To ape the follies we affect to blame,
But hold---methinks improvidently wise
We rashly censure what we ought to prize,
Ladies, for us exert this darling passion
Do, ton it here, and make this play the fashion.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

Sir Andrew Acorn	-	Mr. KING.
Lord Rentlefs	-	Mr. PALMER.
Alderman Uniform	-	Mr. PARSONS.
Ephraim Labradore	-	Mr. BADDELEY.
Charles Woodbine	-	Mr. BRERETON.
General Probe	-	Mr. AICKIN.
Doctor Quintessence	-	Mr. BANNISTER, jun.
Coquin	-	Mr. LE MASH.
Metaphor	-	Mr. SUET.
Gold Waiter	-	Mr. R. PALMER.

W O M E N.

Lady Rentlefs	-	Mrs. ARINGTON.
Miss Uniform	-	Mrs. CARGILL.
Harriet	-	Mrs. BRERETON.
Winnifred	-	Mrs. LOVE.
Jew's Daughter	-	Miss KIRBY.

SERVANTS, TRADESMAN, PORTER, &c.

S C E N E L O N D O N.

DISSIPATION.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street.

TRUSTY and COQUIN *meeting.*

COQUIN.

AH, Maistre Trusty, vel met, vere be you going so fast?

TRUSTY.

Business, business, must be minded, Monsieur, Coq—Coq—what the Devil is your hard name? I always forget it.

COQUIN.

Oh, fidon, Maistre Trusty! vat, forget your ver good friend, Oh, for shame!

TRUSTY.

Forgive me, Monsieur. You still live with my Lord Rentless, I suppose. What capacity are you now in?

COQUIN.

Capacité, ma foi; I cannot answer dat question. Me be ver ready to do any ting at all.

TRUSTY.

Or nothing at all, just at happens.

COQUIN.

Ha! ha! ha! you be one drole negotiant, Maistre Trusty, tho' en verité de famille, no know wat to call me.

B

TRUSTY.

TRUSTY.

That's a pity, indeed. I think I could tell them. [*Aside*]

COQUIN.

Oh! I recollect, de parlement d'Angleterre, have invent one tittle exprès, and I am charge in de tax bill, as Maitre d'Hotel to my Lord.

TRUSTY.

Upon my word, our nobility are much oblig'd to the parliament for taking the trouble to distinguish their servants: but if I mistake not, this means master of the house, and that's a strange employment surely for a French—you understand me, in the service of an English peer.

COQUIN.

Pardonez moi, my Lor love de jeu, de quinze, de hazard, he hate account, he love bon vivant, good eat, good drink, he hate de tought, de reflection; in a word, he love plaisir, and he hate trouble, so he give it up to me, dat's all; he love de prett girl, and he——

TRUSTY.

And he hates his wife: does he give her up too?

COQUIN.

Oh, que non! he love dem both ma foi; but your master de Alderman, do just de same tin, he leave to you de commerce, no more preserve mango, and sweet oil for de customer, 'tis all blood and wounds for de foe.

TRUSTY.

Aye, times are sadly changed; formerly, indeed, a day in the artillery ground once a year, and a review of the orange regiment, with a march to dinner, was quite sufficient for a sober citizen; but now my master is stark staring mad, and has been lock'd up three hours a day for these two months past, to learn to salute; at his years to learn to salute.

COQUIN.

Certainement! never too late for dat!

TRUSTY.

DISSIPATION.

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TRUSTY.

And worse still, since your lord has thought proper to appoint him to a light infantry company in his own regiment; he has totally discarded his sober snuff-colour'd frock, grey silk stockings, and smooth powder'd bob, for a short jacket, loose boots, and a little helmet.

COQUIN.

What, would you not have de good citizen defend his country?

TRUSTY.

Undoubtedly, at a proper time of life, nothing can be more honourable or praiseworthy; but I would not have my old master run about making anticks, when he should be thinking only of making his will. Then Miss Maria—

COQUIN.

Mademoiselle Maria, ver sweet creature, vat of her?

TRUSTY.

Why, she's always in regimentals too, prancing about the streets on horseback, or firing pistols at our goods in the shop; I dare say she has shot a dozen red-herrings thro' the head within these ten days.

COQUIN.

Ah! la jolie militaire!

TRUSTY.

But I must be gone, so I wish you a good morning.

COQUIN.

Attendez! Will you do me de faveur to give one little card des compliments to Mademoiselle Maria?

TRUSTY.

That's not quite in my way, Monsieur!

COQUIN.

Oh, fidon! no harm, upon my vord.

TRUSTY.

Well, give it me, I'll save you the trouble, as you seem to be so hard work'd. Your servant, good Mr. Coquin. What a hypocritical French rascal. [*Aside.*] Exit.

COQUIN.

Adieu, mon cher ami, my ver dear friend. Quel vulgaire Englis brute! [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

B 2

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Miss UNIFORM's Dressing-Room.

Miss UNIFORM and WINNIFRED attending.

M I S S.

Lord, Winney! I never saw any thing so awkward in my life. You don't know how to put in a cockade.

W I N N I.

Dear-a-me, Miss, how should I? Your good mamma never wore such a thing in her life.

M I S S.

What of that? Every body now is dress'd a la militar; does not Mrs. Squab, the brewer's wife, go about in a scarlet uniform? and don't Miss what's her name, the what d'ye call 'em's daughter, appear every where in regimentals?

W I N N I.

More shame for them. My poor old mistress used to say, Let every woman look like one.

M I S S.

What care I what she said. You are always plaguing me with old sayings of my mamma's; I am sure you make one sorry one ever had any mother at all; but it could n't be helpt! and as to dress, my good mamma, as you call her, knew no more of it than you do.

W I N N I.

Dear-a-me, Miss, I am surpris'd at you! My good old lady not a judge of dress! Well, I shall never forget her! with her neat white cotton stockings; brown silk gown pleated in the back; black callimanco petticoat; clean muslin apron, nicely folded; handkerchief up to her chin, and cap tied under it—Oh! she was a model for the gentry of Cheapside.

M I S S.

DISSIPATION.

3

MISS.

Come, prithee, lay aside your old fashion'd notions, and be a little more modern; you must now prepare for the camp; I have order'd you a plain regimental on purpose.

WINNI.

O Miss! I at the camp! Why I have no more heart than a mouse. Think what a figure I should make in a plain regimental; indeed, I beg pardon, but I hope you don't think of going there.

MISS.

Indeed but I do. Is not Mrs. Twist, the man's mercer, and Madam Tug, the female dentist, and the three Miss Firkins gone to the camp, all to expose themselves for the sake of their country? Besides, is not my father going to camp, and Lord Rentlefs going to camp, though one of the finest men about town?

WINNI.

Alack-a-day! Lord Rentlefs has turned my poor master's brain, he has been the ruin of him; and if you don't take care, Miss, I know what.

MISS.

Pooh! What do you know?

WINNI.

Why, that he'll be the ruin of you, that's all. Indeed, Miss, I'm afraid he's a bad man.

MISS.

Lord, Winney! how should you know any thing about a man?

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Ma'am, Mr. Trusty desired me to present you this letter, he had it from my Lord Rentlefs's gentleman.

MISS.

Let me see it. There, you may go. [*Exit SERVANT.*
[*Reads.*] " Lady Rentlefs gives the world a breakfast
I " to-morrow

“ to-morrow morning at two—” But what’s this by itself? “ I hope, my dear Miss Uniform will favour me
 “ with her company; I have something tender to
 “ whisper to her. For ceremony’s sake ask the old
 “ Alderman.”

“ RENTLESS.”

Oh, how delightfully he writes! [*Aside.*] Winney, you must step into my father’s room, and tell him, I engage him to breakfast with Lord Rentless to-morrow at two o’clock precisely.

W I N N I.

Breakfast at two o’clock! Lord help us! Such an invitation would have starved my poor old mistress. [*Exit.*]

M I S S.

What a charming man is his Lordship! Such an air of the Ton, such a manner, and pays me so much respect. Then how it will mortify all the little people to see me attended by his Lordship to camp; and then to be the wonder of all the military gentlemen, whilst I practice my exercise—to the right—to the left—march—present—fire!——“ Oh, what a charming thing’s a battle!”

[*Exit singing.*]

S C E N E III.

Discovers an Oil-man’s Shop, various Jars and Implements of Trade, Military Accoutrements amongst them; ALDERMAN UNIFORM in the Front; People waiting behind; a Tailor and a Cap-maker with him.

A L D E R M A N.

Well, Mr. Frontispiece, how do I look, hah? This tail has a curious effect on the top of one’s head, hah!

F R O N T I S P I E C E.

The cap is extremely becoming, and as light as if made of paper.

A L D E R-

ALDERMAN.

Well, Mr. Cut'em, this jacket is quite the thing, is it not?

CUT'EM.

Made from Sir Jeffery Swift's own pattern.

ALDERMAN.

Piquet me, if it is not horribly genteel; and then cut to the quick, not an inch of cloth more than is necessary.

CUT'EM.

Calculated to accommodate the speed.

ALDERMAN.

Speed! Stop my pay, if there's any standing still while one has it on. [*Runs across the stage.*] And then this sword is so devilish handy under one's arm.

FRONTISPIECE.

Amazing, indeed! I never saw a gentleman so active at your time of life.

ALDERMAN.

Practice makes perfect, as we say in the city. Why, I never knew how to use my legs before; but, gentlemen, I shan't want you any more at present. Gentlemen, your most obedient. [*Saluting with his hand up to his cap.*] [*Exeunt Frontispiece and Cut'em.*]

To the Shopman.] Well, Thomas, any fresh orders to day, hey?

SHOPMAN.

Just received one from Deputy Blubber, for a large parcel of pickles. He says, last turned out but bad.

ALDERMAN.

Send me to the drill, if he knows any thing about the matter, I never had a finer parcel in my life.

Enter a TRADESMAN.

TRADESMAN.

Sir, I am sorry to inform you, but since you have taken up this nonsense business, I have not had an order sent to my shop as it should be.

ALDER-

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ALDERMAN.

Tie me to the halberds, but you must be mistaken, friend.

TRADESMAN.

Tie me to the halberds, but I am not mistaken, friend. The last parcel of dried tongues came full of gun-shot wounds! Hang me, if I think your worship knows what you are about.

ALDERMAN.

Impossible! but I'll shew you. Hand down the ledger; there, friend, read. *[Gives it him.]*

TRADESMAN.

[Reads.] "July 12th. Sent out a party to mend the roads." There, *[Throws down the book.]* didn't I say as how you didn't know what you was about? Mend the roads, indeed! Oddheart, but I believe your worship's in the road to ruin. So your worship's servant. *[Exit.]*

ALDERMAN.

[Picking up the book.] Drum me out of the regiment, but this is the orderly book. Why, Thomas, how could you be such a blockhead?

SHOPMAN.

Indeed, Sir, there's such a mixture, it's impossible to know one thing from another.

Enter a PORTER with a Jar.

PORTER.

Sir, Master Goose desires to have this jar filled with cucumbers.

ALDERMAN.

The tailor shall be futed. Give me the pen.

Enter a SERVANT on the other side.

SERVANT.

Sir, the serjeant waits to teach you to salute.

ALDER-

ALDERMAN.

That's right. [*Salutes about the stage with the pen in his hand.*] May I never handle a firelock, if I don't do it with a good grace.

SERVANT *on one side.*

Will you take a lesson now, Sir?

ALDERMAN.

No!

PORTER *on the other side.*

When shall I have the pickles?

ALDERMAN.

Hey!

SERVANT.

He begs to know when you will, Sir?

ALDERMAN.

Not till to-morrow.

PORTER, *going out.*

No! then, indeed, I have something else to do. [*Exit.*

SERVANT, *going out.*

And so ought other people, in my mind.

[*Exit.*

SHOPMAN.

Sir, I had forgot. Here's a letter from the futler at Dartford to desire the anchovies and train oil may be sent down immediately. Now, I was thinking that they might go along with your camp equipage.

ALDERMAN.

Why, zounds! would you have me disgrace the whole corps! Do you want to suffocate the army? Send me to the Savoy, if I ever heard such a thing in my life. Anchovies and train oil with camp equipage! Why, I shall be known by my scent, pursued like a drag, and hunted down by my own regiment.

Enter EPHRAIM LABRADORE.

EPHRAIM.

Master Alderman, your servant. I shoud made a pashover from the Shinagog, because I wash in haste to tell you the newsh.

C

ALDER-

A L D E R M A N.

News, Ephraim! What news?

E P H R A I M.

Great newsh, indeed! They are all landed.

A L D E R M A N.

Landed! Impossible!

E P H R A I M.

No, tish very true; and as fine a cargo ash ever I shee'd in my life.

A L D E R M A N.

Cargo! Zounds! I thought you had meant the French.

E P H R A I M.

French! Marshy upon us! Why it ish the cots from Newfoundland dat ish arife; all sweet and fresh as the shee water itself.

A L D E R M A N.

[*Mocking him.*] Rot your shee water.

E P H R A I M.

God forbids!

A L D E R M A N.

Cut me up but I was ready for them—But no matter; down, my heroic spirit. Commerce will be heard; tho' may I never wear a gaiter, if it isn't a vulgar employment.

E P H R A I M.

Now, I differs from you, Maishter Uniform. I wash always think nothing vulgar that wash profitable.

A L D E R M A N.

Aye; these notions may do at Bear Key, but they would be scouted on the parade. Why don't you endeavour to push yourself a little into genteel life.

E P H R A I M.

Indeed, I wash push a great deal; and am forced to be very hard with the nobility and young men of fashon.

A L D E R M A N.

Stop my pay, but I believe they are hard pushed. However, your persuasion prevents you from being admitted into the line, as we say.

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EPHRAIM.

Not at all. I never wash know any line that the money bags could not rub out.

ALDERMAN.

Why, your face, indeed, might be white-washed; but in the army we are a little particular about figure. [*Surveying his own, and walking about.*]

EPHRAIM.

Oh! I believe there ish no objection to my person. [*Looking at it.*] De ladies find no fault met dat.

ALDERMAN.

The ladies! ha! ha! Impossible!

EPHRAIM.

What ish impossible! There ish your friend Lady Rentless, that I wash more intimate with than you are, Maisher Alderman, for all you are my Lord's captain.

ALDERMAN.

You intimate with my Lady! Why, she's the very pink of the mode; makes fashions for the whole town; gives entertainments to the whole town; sits up all night. Why, drill me, but she's a diamond of the first water.

EPHRAIM.

Aye; I love the diamond of the first water, and have got the possession of most of them.

ALDERMAN.

You!

EPHRAIM.

Yes; my Lorst was entrusht' me with my Ladysh jewel, and she is kept in the dark.

ALDERMAN.

Very kind, indeed!

EPHRAIM.

I wash forced though to advansh a great deal.

ALDERMAN.

That's a new way, little Ephy, of making advances to the ladies.

E P H R A I M.

Yesh, but I fancy it is the shuresht after all. If the husband is so extravagant to put his wife's trinkets into my hands, and she is eager to get them out again; why, then you knowsh——But I never destroysh any ladysh reputation.

A L D E R M A N.

I believe not. The world, indeed, might suspect the smart, well-dressed gentlemen of the army; but——

E P H R A I M.

O fyesh! What, praise yourself! I shan't stay to hear that; though I thinksh that there are peoplesh who say nothing, that could be full as civil as the military.

A L D E R M A N.

Dragoon me, old Labradore, I hope you don't mean to set up at your time of life in the business of love-making.

E P H R A I M.

And if I doesh, young Uniform, I shan't become your apprentish.

A L D E R M A N.

Well, Mr. Ephraim Narcissus of Duke's Place, I submit to your modesty.

E P H R A I M.

And, Mr. Alderman Soldier from Fishmonger's Hall, I knock under to your assurance. [*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T

DISSIPATION.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

A Servants Hall.

Variety of Servants playing at Hazard, others at Brag.

COACHMAN.

WELL, my boys, now for your silver; now for it,
[*Shaking the Box.*] Seven's the main, seven.

FOOTMAN.

Nick, was ever such luck? Why you have thrown in
five hands running, master coachman.

COACHMAN.

Drive away again, my boys; five's the main, five.

PORTER.

Throws down his Wig.] There's my hat and wig.

POSTILION.

I lay the odds.

BAILIFF.

Done, postilion, I take them.

POSTILION.

No, hold hard there, Master Fleece'em; you gemmen
are but slippery kind of folks: so I'm off.

BAILIFF.

Zounds, I don't understand what you mean.

POSTILION.

Why then I'll tell you: I don't like to bet with a
bailiff.

BAILIFF.

Gentlemen, I appeal to you, whether this is proper
usage, when I have the honour to be here on an execution
in his Lordship's house.

FOOTMAN.

O no, no! Come, Tom, beg Mr. Fleece'em's pardon; if
my Lord is n't agham'd of him, why should we?

COACHMAN, *throwing.*

Five to eight.

Enter

Enter STABLE BOY.

Pray, coach'y, is my Lady to have the vis a vis to-day?

COACHMAN.

Eight, as I'm alive; damn the vis a vis; what do you plague me for? Damn the vis a vis.

FOOTMAN.

Thank you, Bob, you have turn'd his luck. Stay here and you shall be groom porter.

Enter COQUIN.

COQUIN.

Hah! be gar, mi good boys; what at it so early, is no my Lord stirring?

FOOTMAN.

Stirring! Why it's only one o'clock yet; who is the caster. Won't you throw, Coquy?

COQUIN.

Yes, be gar, I will throw myself down, I am so tire.
[*Bell rings, all get up in confusion, pocketing Cards and Dice.*]

SERVANT.

Ah! that's the devilish bell above stairs.

SERVANT, *getting up from Brag.*

Unlucky! I would have bragged my whole fortune upon that hand.

COACHMAN, *going out and snacking his Whip.*

Zounds, how I should have cut them up!

Bell rings again.

COQUIN.

Depechez vous, mon Dieu, how much I tire. [Exit.

FOOTMAN, *Bell keeps ringing.*

Oh, curse your larum!

Exeunt.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

A Passage leading to the Breakfast-Room, Servants carrying several things.—Bell rings again.

Enter COQUIN, SERVANTS, &c.

COQUIN.

Here, take de chocolate for my Lady breakfast, and de Chronique, vid de Parliament Debate, for my Lord. Oh, I am so fatigued. Well, Monsieur Cook, wat have you got?

Enter COOK.

Only the bill of fare, Mr. Coquin.

COQUIN.

Voyons; soup, fish, remove—fricassée stew, pate with entreme—beef, veal, mutton, on de side table—ah peu de chose. Dis diné, Monsieur Cook, will not get you much credit.

COOK.

No, then it will get my Lord some at least; for I don't believe there is a single article that is paid for.

COQUIN.

Ah! ver comique, indeed. [*Bell rings.*] Allons depechez. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Breakfast Apartment.

Lord and Lady RENTLESS, and CHARLES, at Breakfast.

LADY.

Well, really I am monstrously fatigued. These hours will absolutely be the death of one.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Was your Ladyship at home later than usual last night?

LADY.

Later! Oh, fie, Charles: I mean rising at this unreasonable time, before noon; sitting up, I believe, agrees with my constitution; I never feel myself half so chearful [*Yawning.*] as when the world are in bed. But, my Lord, do you know you are growing absolutely domestic? My woman tells me, you were at home before two.

LORD.

Very likely, but I was out of spirits last night myself.

LADY.

What, then you had no play at Brookes?

LORD.

Yes, a little chicken hazard; but we are all so poor at present, that except the Baronet there—what's his name?—that swears so much, a thousand pounds would see out the whole room? Ah, this war has quite knock'd up hazard; it is a devilish distressing war for the country, that's certain.

CHARLES.

Your Lordship will grow a politician.

LORD.

Why, when one has nothing else to do its amusing enough. Pray, do I say any thing in the House yesterday?

CHARLES, *looking at the Paper.*

Yes, I see your Lordship has been speaking against the Budget.

LORD.

Against the Budget! No, *against* it! O yes, yes, so I was; I did not recollect immediately; but you know its all the same thing with us.

CHARLES.

Really, my Lord!

LADY.

L A D Y.

Why, you grave creature, ha! ha! ha! are you going to be surprized, because a man of fashion forgets which side he took, or thinks politicks a mere matter of amusement?

C H A R L E S.

Pardon me, my Lady; I had imagined, that a member of the British senate, did not give his vote, or speak his public sentiments merely for his amusement.

L O R D.

To be sure he does not; sometimes it is for the amusement of other people. But you are immensely ignorant, my dear Charles. Do you really suppose we give ourselves the trouble to understand every subject we debate upon? Ha! ha! ha! some things, indeed, one can't help being familiar with, such as the national debt, or the ruin of one's country, or naturalizing a Jew, or——

L A D Y.

Ay, or a Divorce Bill. *A-propos*, now we talk of divorces, don't let us forget Charles's marriage.

L O R D.

True, I suppose the old Baronet will arrive soon, *en-famille*; upon my word this will be an immense good match for you, Charles, that's poz. Sir Andrew Acorn, tho' a sad country clown, to say the truth, has a very fine estate, and is of a most encouraging age for a father-in-law.

L A D Y.

Yes, and Miss, tho' a mere rustic, with her head full of love and conjugal affection, and so on; yet I have no doubt, my Lord, when she has liv'd a little among us, she will soon be wean'd from her absurdities.

C H A R L E S.

Your Ladyship will excuse me, but I should not wish a wife of mine to think it an absurdity to love her husband.

D

L O R D.

L O R D.

Why, who, my dear Charles, says any such thing? But, wou'd you have this wife of yours distracted for you, whining for your absence, and jealous of every woman you speak to? Upon my honour, I don't know any thing half so troublesome—hah, Lady Rentless?

L A D Y.

Dreadful, my Lord! but Charles is so romantic: now do but observe how we live together. Is my Lord ever vexatiously uneasy on my account? Or am I ridiculously anxious on his? Yet, we are always chearful when met, and happy when separate: are not we, my Lord?

L O R D.

To be sure, perfectly so.

L A D Y.

Indeed, Charles, you must get quit of these vulgar notions; you are as bad as Lady Pure: I'll tell you, my Lord; you know the Dowager, she is always dreaming about propriety; well, she teaz'd me to death the other night at the Festino, for a list of my next week's engagements, wanting me to sit an evening with her, as she calls it.—Ma'am, says I, on Sunday I must be at Lady Brag's, Monday at the Pantheon, Tuesday and Wednesday, several private parties, Thursday we see masks, Friday I go forty miles to play Venus in Lady Scribbledum's petite piece, on Saturday I return to the opera, and—But an't this a little inconsistent, cried she, with his Lordship's unhappy situation? Unhappy situation, Lady Pure! you rave! my Lord is the gayest man in town; always alive; always in company; keeps the best table; runs the best matches; listened to in the House; ador'd by the women; respected by the men; full of wit; full of gallantry, 'twould do your Ladyship good to have a tête à tête with him; upon which up she started, and I never set eyes on her afterwards.

L O R D.

Excellent! upon my honour, if you was not Lady Rentless, I do believe I should be your inamorato.

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

Your Lordship, too, is not without your pretensions; but foolery in marriage is a shocking idea after all.

C H A R L E S.

There I agree with you intirely.

Enter C O Q U I N.

Mi Lor, here be de merchand vid de bill for——

L O R D.

De bill—send the rascal away, I'm not to be spoke with, I'm going this instant to the leyee.

C O Q U I N, *whispering.*

Mi Lor, I give your billet to Mademoiselle Uniform, and she——[*Talking aside.*]

L O R D, *getting up.*

Well, let me examine that account.

Enter a S E R V A N T, *who delivers a Note to Lady* R E N T.

L A D Y.

Ah! this is Labradore's hand, a billet-doux, after the manner of the Jews; let us see—[*Runs over the Letter.*]
 “Will certainly be at your Ladyship's breakfast to-morrow afternoon.—Will there fix an appointment and restore the diamonds, but must put them on myself; your Labradore's own little hands.” Very well, very well, it requires no answer. A delightful figure he will cut amongst my company! but I must humour the fellow, for between his roguery and my Lord's folly, I have been absolutely defrauded of my diamonds; but if I can fairly recover my own trinkets, and at the same time justly mortify my Lord's pride by a little innocent treachery with this Jew, I am sure no woman of feeling or enterprize will blame me. Well, my Lord, I suppose we shall meet at dinner, to welcome Sir Andrew and his daughter. Good bye, Charles, I need not doubt your being at home. Adieu, adieu; your servant, my Lord. [*Exit.*]

D 2

L O R D.

DISSIPATION.

L O R D.

Your servant, my Lady. Well, Charles, how do you dispose of yourself this morning? I'll e'en take a peep into the house; when one has nothing else to do, it's rather a good lounge. Can I set you down any where?

C H A R L E S.

My Lord, I'll attend you with all my heart; and, indeed, I think no member ought to be absent from his duty at this time.

L O R D.

True, Charles; and faith let them say what they will, I am a very useful member at present; for, upon my soul, I don't think any man can speak feelingly on the ruin of his country, that is not a little whimsically situated himself.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Another Apartment.

SERVANTS *shewing in Sir ANDREW and Miss ACORN,*
in travelling Dresses.

S E R V A N T.

Sir, my Lord is just gone out; but I'll tell the maid, to tell the housekeeper, to tell my Lady's woman, to tell her Ladyship, that you are here.

[*Exit.*]

S I R A N D R E W.

Zounds! this is like an introduction to the Grand Signior! Well, child, I hope you are not fatigued with your journey, tho' a pretty good distance this from Acorn-hall, and might tire a stronger constitution than yours?

H A R R I O T.

Indeed, Sir, I am not in the least fatigued, the novelty of every thing around me would prevent that.

S I R A N D R E W.

Why true, child, every thing is new to you, and to me too, I think; I intended to have got here just before dinner, and breakfast is scarce over on our arrival. My
Lady

Lady Rentless, too, beginning to dress ! Ah, I don't like this affectation of making good breeding inconsistent with good hours.

H A R R I O T.

These, I suppose, Sir, are trifling differences, that certain ranks will always indulge in.

S I R A N D R E W.

I don't know that ; but when certain ranks pride themselves only upon such distinctions, it shews me they have no better to boast of ; but come, child, I won't be censorious ; Lord and Lady Rentless are young, his father was a very intimate friend of mine, and on that account, as well as on yours, I have been induced to make this visit ; but I hope Charles has not been corrupted by bad example.

H A R R I O T.

Indeed, Sir, I think it is impossible ; and you, when you last saw him, was of the same opinion.

S I R A N D R E W.

True, but times alter, and young men change. However, I am no croaker : but such a guardian as Lord Rentless, and such a school of education as London.—

H A R R I O T.

You said, Sir, you would not be censorious.

S I R A N D R E W.

I tell you I am not censorious ; have-n't I lived all my life in the country, and do you suppose I don't know the world ? Mark me, I don't mean the world as it is, but the world as it should be. I hope, now, when you are married to Charles, notwithstanding your fortune will be large---I mean after my death---for don't imagine I will leave myself a beggar.

H A R R I O T.

Believe me, my dear Sir, I have no such wish.

S I R A N D R E W.

It may be so, but I hope that when you do marry, I say, that you will not think of keeping such a parade of
useless

useless domesticks, as I see in this house, employed only in waiting upon each other.

HARRIOT.

That, Sir, must be left to my husband.

SIR ANDREW.

True, child, so it should; I hate to see wives directing too much: that was the only fault your mother had, and indeed she indulged it; but then I was of an easy disposition, and never contradicted any body.

HARRIOT.

Allow me to say, Sir, that my mother—

SIR ANDREW.

Hold, I must contradict you there.

HARRIOT;

Dear Sir, if you will but recollect—

SIR ANDREW.

Don't I tell you, I hate contradiction; remember, I tell you, a complying disposition is the foundation of matrimonial happiness.

HARRIOT.

I hope, my dear papa, that you have not seen in me—

SIR ANDREW.

I don't say I have, but marriage makes great alteration; I was sometimes apt to be a little fretted myself; but then your mother and I lived entirely in the country, and had a great deal of time upon our hands.

HARRIOT.

Indeed, I must do you the justice to agree—

SIR ANDREW.

I can't say that; we had our quarrels too, but then they made matrimony the sweeter, otherwise we should scarce have known the value of regard; and if it were not for interruption—

HARRIOT.

But sure, Sir,---

SIR ANDREW.

I hate interruption, child, and therefore I was going to tell you---

Enter

Enter a SERVANT.

Zounds, somebody will interrupt one at last.

SERVANT.

Madam, her Ladyship presents her compliments to you, and will be glad to have the honour of seeing you in her dressing-room.

HARRIOT.

I'll attend her. I suppose, papa, we shall meet presently. [Exit.]

SERVANT.

Your honour would probably choose to walk into his Lordship's library.

SIR ANDREW.

[*Mimicking his tone.*] His Lordship's library. So I will---No, I won't, now I think better of it; for what can his library produce to entertain me? I want no racing calendar, or calculation of the odds, or approved cosineticks, psha!--But I may as well go;--the conversation of the dead can't be worse than that of the living; I defy it. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

A Library.

GOLD WAITER to BROOKES'S. [*Lolling on a Table.*]

A pretty place I am got into here; who the devil ever thought of seeing a fashionable waiter, like me, stuck into a library! Heigh ho! I wish my Lord would come home, I can't lose all my time in waiting to settle with him for a few paltry rouleaus. Let me see what engagements I have upon my hands--Lord Barebones to Sir John Scrape, 50 rouleaus; House to Kit Cricket, Esq; 500. Aye, zounds what a life we gold waiters to the clubs lead, always on the wing, night and day; I must make my fortune soon, for I shall never hold out above two winters longer.--But what queer old put have we here?

Enter Sir ANDREW.

Ah ! here's some young sprig of quality, I suppose.
[*Aside.*] Sir, I am your most obedient humble servant.

W A I T E R.

Damn me, he appears nobody, I'll be genteel. [*Aside.*]
Sir, I am yours. [*Affectedly.*]

S I R A N D R E W.

I hope I have not interrupted you ; I presume you are waiting for my Lord.

W A I T E R.

Yes, I am, Sir.

S I R A N D R E W.

He's well engaged, they tell me, as every member ought, in the public cause. But pray, Sir, have you heard what passed in the house yesterday ?

W A I T E R.

O damme, nothing, we had nothing done at our house yesterday. Nothing damme.

S I R A N D R E W.

Our house ! a member of parliament, a respectable character ; it's a pity he swears so much. [*Aside.*] So, there was nothing done you say, Sir.

W A I T E R.

O no, mere chicken play ; scarce a rouleau passed the whole evening ; damn'd poor and very cautious, not a dove amongst them.

S I R A N D R E W.

Sir, a dove ! What the devil is all this ? [*Aside.*]

W A I T E R.

O yes, now I think of it, we elected Governor Dividend ; the first of pigeons, in full plumage, just arrived from Madras.

S I R A N D R E W.

Elected ! Oh, now I comprehend him. Pray Sir, for what place ? I do not remember his name.

W A I T E R.

Place ! why into the vacancy, damme ; we shall all have a pluck at him before the campaign's at an end.

S I R

SIR ANDREW.

Campaign ! What in America, you mean ?

WAITER.

America ! Damme, he seems a fool. I'll queer him. [*Afide.*] Why, you'd make an excellent dove, old gentleman, with a few rouleaus in your pocket, and the bones in your hand.

SIR ANDREW.

Really, Sir, I don't know what you mean.

WAITER.

Who said you did ? [*Afide.*] Why there was just such another gentleman as you we elected the other day—Gad, the first hand he took won every thing ; then doubled stakes ; threw out every time, and in two hours was as bare as a starv'd blood hound—not a shilling left, but was swept out of the house next morning in the carpet.

SIR ANDREW.

Upon my word, Sir, this may be all very fashionable and parliamentary, and a language that you may be accusom'd to, but I must say that I don't understand it.

WAITER.

No ! why nobody understands any thing else now a-days.

SIR ANDREW.

As that is the case, Sir, we may as well drop the conversation and have recourse to books.

WAITER.

Books ! I'm glad you mention'd them—Here they are ! [*Taking out a pack of cards.*] I never go without them. Come, sit down, old gentleman ; come, [*Clapping him on the back.*] you shall have your choice—vingt un, piquet, quinze—

E

S I R

S I R A N D R E W.

[In a passion.] Why, you ignorant wretch!—

W A I T E R.

Ignorant ! Damme, I'll soon shew you the contrary
 —Here, I have got Hoyle in my pocket—*[Gives him a book.]*—Now ask me what you like, and see if I don't answer you.

S I R A N D R E W.

Why, puppy ! hangdog ! *[Throwing the book at him.]*
 what do you take me for ?—a compiler of games and
 calculator of chances ! Zounds ! I'll let you know—
[Follows him round the room.]

Enter Lord RENTLESS.

L O R D.

Hah ! my dear Sir Andrew—I rejoice to see you—
 But what is the meaning of all this ?

S I R A N D R E W.

[Flurried.] Ho ! ho !—Upon my word, my
 Lord, I can scarce tell—but the gentleman there can
 probably inform you.

W A I T E R.

No, indeed, my Lord, not I, upon my honour.

L O R D.

Pray, Sir Andrew, be so kind as to let me into the
 secret—I hope no incivility.

S I R A N D R E W.

I'll tell you what, my Lord—I have heard indeed
 that in this general corruption, our representatives
 were changed from what they used to be—but an
 unlooked-for insult from a member of parliament—a
 pillar of the constitution make such an offer—

L O R D.

L O R D.

Upon my word, Sir Andrew, I don't understand you—but if you refer to him——Nickit is in general reckon'd as civil a waiter as——

S I R A N D R E W.

A what! a waiter? Get out of my sight immediately, or by——

W A I T E R.

[*Running out.*] O yes, with all my heart——and I hope never to come into it again. [*Exit.*]

S I R A N D R E W.

Zounds! this adds to the insult—A waiter! Very well, Sir Andrew Acorn! I'll tell you what, my Lord—I'll tell you what—but 'tis no matter—the times are so alter'd—so I say nothing.

L O R D.

Pon honour, Sir Andrew, I do not yet comprehend the mistake you have made. To be sure the people of our club are obliged to keep up a certain appearance, and a certain polish in their manners, but we seldom hear of their passing for members of parliament.

S I R A N D R E W.

Oh, my Lord, I am quite satisfied—but I am determined [*Enter a Servant, who whispers Lord Rentlefs.*] to make no more mistakes, for I'll neither believe my ears nor my understanding—that at least I'll take care of. [*Walks about the room.*]

L O R D.

[*To Servant.*] Metaphor, the auctioneer! Zounds! Say I'm not at home—Don't let him come up. [*Exit Servant.*] Gad, I must stop him. [*Going out.*] The devil!

Enter METAPHOR.

METAPHOR.

My Lud ! your Ludship's most obedient. [*To Sir Andrew.*] Sir, I am your most obsequious, profound—

SIR ANDREW.

Now, what the devil can this fellow be ? [*Aside.*

METAPHOR.

Took the liberty of popping in upon your Ludship in the way to our rooms.

LORD.

True, my dear Metaphor—I plainly see——

SIR ANDREW.

Upon my soul now I don't. Pray, my Lord, let the gentleman explain himself.

METAPHOR.

By all means, my Lord. Cannot but arrogate felicity to myself in attracting the notice of so accomplish'd——

SIR ANDREW.

What ! heh ! does he mean me ?

LORD.

To be sure ! don't you understand him ?

SIR ANDREW.

Why really, I must confess, the gentleman's remarks are rather——

METAPHOR.

True ; I anticipate your words. You would say, my remarks are happy, and elucidation splendid. Crave your Ludship's indulgence to a little specimen of the beauties of description to accelerate the sale of a certain estate.

LORD.

Not for the world——I won't trouble you at this time.

METAPHOR.

METAPHOR.

Sorry to disobey ; but cannot but flatter myself it will be found enrich'd with some poetical decorations.

SIR ANDREW.

Poetical decorations ! Pray, my Lord, let us see them ; I am a great friend to genius.

LORD.

Indeed, Sir Andrew, you'll never understand——

SIR ANDREW.

Yes, yes, I understand him now. I see he is a poet. [*To Metaphor.*] Yes, Sir, I see plainly that you are a favourite of the muses, a dealer in poetry.

METAPHOR.

True, Sir——had the honour of knocking down Bell's edition yesterday for little more than the valuation of the binding.

SIR ANDREW.

What, Sir ?

METAPHOR.

I perceive, Sir, you are astonished ; but could not draw one penny more, tho' the audience was remarkably brilliant, and myself not unfortunate in the display of what we call pulpit wit.

SIR ANDREW.

[*Aside.*] Aye, I suppose that is some new poetical flight, tho' I never heard of that figure before.

METAPHOR.

But to the point——Give me leave, my Lud——“ To
 “ the judicious——A villa, nominated——blank——in a
 “ complete rural retirement, happily environ'd by public roads, duly distant, and discreetly plann'd——
 “ blank miles from the capital——embosom'd by nature
 “ in lofty trees, and water'd by luxurious streams from
 I “ art

"art—vicinage desirable—fite unequall'd—accom-
modation perfect—and brilliancy insufferable."

SIR ANDREW.

Hey day! why, what is all this prose run mad?

METAPHOR.

Yes, I flatter myself, as prettily penn'd——

SIR ANDREW.

Why, it may be prettily penn'd; but, I must confess,
I am not sensible of all its beauties.

METAPHOR.

No——then you shall see the plan.

LORD.

By no means. Zounds! Sir Andrew will find out
that my estates are on sale. [*Afide.*] Won't trouble
you now, Mr. Metaphor.

METAPHOR.

No trouble in the universe—have them in my pocket.

LORD.

[*Bowing him out.*] Can't think of it, Mr. Metaphor,
Good morning to you.

METAPHOR.

I beg no ceremony——

LORD.

Your most obedient.

METAPHOR.

If your Lordship has the least necessity——

LORD.

Sir, your very humble Servant.

METAPHOR.

I can easily advance——

LORD.

Pray, Sir, retire——

METAPHOR.

Five hundred pounds on your Lordship's own note.

LORD.

DISSIPATION.

31

L O R D.

Sir, I beg you won't trouble yourself. Good morning to you. [*Bowing him out.*] You must not mind, he's mad.

[*To Sir Andrew as he goes out.*

[*Exeunt Lord Rentless and Metaphor.*

S I R A N D R E W.

Mad! so we are all, I believe. Zounds! I neither see, hear, or understand. I took him for a poet, till he offered to advance more money in a minute than the whole fraternity could raise in a twelvemonth. [*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Music Room.

CHARLES leading HARRIOT forward from a Harpsichord.

H A R R I O T.

FY, Charles, why can't you let me finish?

C H A R L E S.

Enough of music, my dear Harriot—though you came here yesterday, I have scarce had time to repeat to you how inexpressively happy I am.

H A R R I O T.

Why, what signifies repeating it. I know all you are going to say about happiness, and——

CHARLES.

C H A R L E S.

Indeed, but you do not ; for I was going to assure you, that the stile of living, and the manners of Lord and Lady Rentless, which I see you disapprove, are as unpleasing to me as——

H A R R I O T.

Ah, Charles, indeed I should be unhappy if——

C H A R L E S.

Believe me, I foresaw your apprehensions. But rest assured, my dearest Harriot, that tho' Lord Rentless is my guardian, and it seem'd my father's will that I should live immediately under his Lordship's eye, yet I entirely dislike his mode of life.

H A R R I O T.

Yes, yes, entirely, no doubt of it. Who would have imagined, when you came in a discreet manner to solicit the honour of my fair hand after our meeting at Scarbro', that the sentimental Charles Woodbine was the ward of one of the most fashionable libertines about town. Ought you not to be ashamed of cheating the heart of a poor simple girl into approbation ? Mind, I only say approbation ; nothing more.

C H A R L E S.

Indeed, Harriot, I cannot allow you to trifle, unless you will assure me, you are convinc'd I mean to pursue that plan when we are united——

H A R R I O T.

O fye ! And can you think that I, who propose to pass my life in a quiet, good, domestic way in the country, watching my flowering shrubs, nursing my birds, and, and——in short, do you imagine I will give my hand to a man who is wedded to this dissipated town ? Oh, no.

C H A R L E S.

CHARLES.

But I tell you I am not wedded—

HARRIOT.

Who sits up whole nights at routs and assemblies, and rises in the morning to preside over *fêtes champêtres*.

CHARLES.

But, my dear Harriot, I do no such thing; I hate—

HARRIOT.

Who loves hazard with my Lord, and flirtation with my Lady; who has forgot all the charms of the country, except what he sees from a fantastic garden in town: so I think I may as well return home by myself.

CHARLES.

Come, come, Harriot, I will not be vex'd at all the indifference you affect. I know you will pay a strict regard to your promises.

HARRIOT.

Promises! Pray now what might I promise?

CHARLES.

Need I mention it? Can my dear Harriot have forgotten the morning I left the country, with what a charming reluctance she promis'd—

HARRIOT.

I won't hear a word you say.

[*Affecting to stop her ears.*]

Enter Sir ANDREW behind.

CHARLES.

That on our return she would bestow her hand where she had already given her heart.

F

SIR

DISSIPATION.

SIR ANDREW.

[*Coming forward.*] To be sure she did—and pray who denies it?

HARRIET.

[*Confused.*] Indeed, my dear Sir—

SIR ANDREW.

Yes, child, I know you confess it. But, Charles, you should not require a female to repeat a promise drawn from her by an acquiescence with my wishes. Once said, you know, is sufficient.

CHARLES.

Upon my honour, Sir Andrew, you mistake the matter.

SIR ANDREW.

You mistake the matter, you mean. No, no, few people see clearer than I do.

HARRIOT.

But on this occasion, my dear papa, I must say—

SIR ANDREW.

Yes, I know I am right. Ah, Harriot, you are just like poor Lady Acorn, always happy to agree with me. Well, she was a good woman, and, I must own, seldom contradicted me. But come, children, all the world in this house are on foot.

CHARLES.

What, busy for the fête?

HARRIOT.

Yes, for a rural breakfast in London in the middle of the day,

SIR ANDREW.

Ay, there's such preparation of tea, and music, and ices, and dancing, and chocolate, and tents, and I
know

know not what, that one can scarce turn one's self about. But, come, let's in, or rather let's out to this fête, and see if a London garden, with a few shrubs from a hot house, can rival the ancient bowling-green and stately oaks of Acorn Hall.

CHARLES.

Sir, we'll attend you.

SIR ANDREW.

[*Taking them under each arm.*] Come along, I say, come along with me. You know each other's minds, and therefore what signifies repeating it so often.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Lady Rentless's Dressing Room.

LADY.

[*Looking at herself in the glass.*] This is not my day, positively. I don't know how, but that awkward girl from the country, with her healthy looks and hoyden manners, has put me out of spirits, as well as out of countenance. Heigh ho! And this morning dress is not quite so well as I expected. Champignon has some taste, but then she cannot fit an English shape do what she will. Oh, my Lord, are you there?

Enter Lord RENTLESS, with a paper in his hand.

LORD.

Yes. I have just been looking over your list to see whom we are to have—Lord Canter! What's he upon his legs still?—The Dukes of Poney, Sir

F 2

Anthony

Anthony Heelpiece, Sir Sampson Strut——aye, aye——
I don't believe I know above half of them.

L A D Y.

Nor I ; but on these occasions one only fills up vacancies ; and provided they are but tolerable figures and people of fashion——

L O R D.

Very well, very well, as you say. [*Reads.*] “Baron Squat, Bishop Butter, Mr. Labradore”——Hah, why, we seem to have all religions together. But how comes Labradore amongst them ? Is he quite in style enough ? He's but a very tolerable figure indeed !

L A D Y.

One must be civil to the creature, you know, my Lord, on your account.

L O R D.

True ; and as he pays for the entertainment, in fact, he has some right to see how his money is disposed of. But where's your brother, General Probe ? I don't see his name amongst them. I suppose he is not returned from review hunting.

Enter Sir ANDREW, peeping.

S I R A N D R E W.

I hope I don't interrupt you ?

L A D Y.

Oh, no, Sir Andrew ; there's nobody here but my Lord, so you don't interrupt us in the least. I beg you'll come in.

S I R A N D R E W.

Well, my Lady, I see you are ready for the *fête* I think you call it. I have been looking into the garden,

den, and, upon my word, I should almost take it for a country wake.

L O R D.

You see, Sir Andrew, what we can do when we have a mind : there's no occasion to go two hundred miles from London for rural beauties.

S I R A N D R E W.

Nor any other, my Lord ; for I met three shepherdesses this moment properly accoutred for the scene, with such a store of health upon their cheeks, as would outvie a whole group of milk-maids ; tho' I fear it is not quite so durable ; for one of them wanted to treat me with a whisper, and I don't know whether I have not brought some part of the bloom away with me.

L O R D.

Oh, fye, Sir Andrew ! you should have spared their blushes.

L A D Y.

Come ! no reflection upon my shepherdesses ; they won't bear that, I assure you.

S I R A N D R E W.

I beg pardon, my Lady ; I only wish they were not quite so easily put out of countenance.

Enter SERVANT.

S E R V A N T.

Doctor Quintessence—Would your Ladyship be pleased to admit him ?

L A D Y.

Certainly. [*Exit* Servant.] Sir Andrew ! I must introduce you to the Doctor : he is the first *elegant* of the faculty ; the *medicin à-la-mode*.

L O R D.

Yes, Sir Andrew——none of your antique figures ; your veterans of the *vielle cour*, whose science was enrolled in the gorgon curls of their periwigs ; no, no, this gentleman——but here he is.

[*Doctor Quintessence without.*] Let the chairmen take care of Pompey, and place him on the seat.

Enters finically dressed.

D O C T O R.

My good Lord, came early on purpose to look on you, and give you my *passavant* for the day. But how does your Ladyship ? Favour me with your finger——Ah ! bon, bon——Your Ladyship's pulse is in delicious order.

L A D Y.

Yes, Doctor, I find myself greatly recovered from my yesterday's *ennui*. That nabob's wife, with her tawdry hangings, and gilt girandoles, quite overcame me.

D O C T O R.

The effect upon the animal spirits must indeed have been shocking. But your Ladyship seems somewhat *abattu* to-day. I fear you have not left off vanilla in your chocolate, and put amber in its place. Do you confine yourself to claret of the vintage seventy-five, carefully put up in champagne bottles ?

S I R A N D R E W.

Carefully put up in champagne bottles ! Pray, Sir, do you look on that of so much consequence ?

D O C T O R.

Inexpressible——the smallest circumstance may disorder the whole nervous system. The thickness of a
phial,

phial, or the position of a cork, may destroy a patient inevitably.

SIR ANDREW.

May I be so bold as to ask, Sir, if you practise phyfic ?

DOCTOR.

Phyfic ! throw phyfic to the dogs. I am an admirer of the art, an *amateur* as one may say : but my practice is confined to the sensations. I raise, or I aswage nervous sensibility—not but that I sometimes use more desperate remedies—there are instances where I have been known to prescribe essence of peaches, or the more poignant juice of pines.

SIR ANDREW.

Pines and peaches ! One would swear he was a gardiner. I see, Sir, you have made botany your chief study.

DOCTOR.

Botany ! Oh, no—Electricity ! tepid baths, soft airs, beautiful objects, Lady Rentless ! The exercise of hazard, my Lord, for the arms and lungs, and that of dancing for the legs and body, with now and then a gentle trill upon the lute—This is my art—these are my prescriptions.

LADY.

Charming physician ! Are you not in raptures, Sir Andrew ?

SIR ANDREW.

Upon my word, my Lady, I must say the *materia medica* is much alter'd of late.

DOCTOR.

True ; such a method might not altogether suit your habit, for you are in a most dangerous state, Sir Andrew, I assure you.

SIR ANDREW.

Dangerous state ! Me, Sir ! Why I never was
ill

ill in my life, but once with the small pox, and another time when I was found amongst the dead in the service of my country at an election feast.

DOCTOR.

So much the worse, Sir ; so much the worse—You are indeed in a forc'd state of robustness, which some people denominate health ; but here is my Lord, who, tho' as pale as a sheet, and has even paralytic tendencies [*Lord Rentless starts.*] may outlive you. I would almost ensure his life for three months to come.

LORD.

Upon my word, you and I, Sir Andrew, seem to be in a very hopeful situation.

LADY.

Yes, you see how dangerous it is to live in the country and fancy yourself well.

LORD.

In a forced state of robustness, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW.

To be sure it's better to enjoy all the advantages of London, as pale as a sheet, with paralytic tendencies, my Lord—No, no, let physicians say what they please, I will fancy—no, I won't fancy—for I am certain I never was better in my life.

DOCTOR.

Forgive me, Sir Andrew ; there seems a small irritation upon your nerves, which inclines you to be a little positive or so, but I——

SIR ANDREW,

But I say, it is no such thing——

DOCTOR.

I see it——however, will take the liberty of just touching your pulse——have got a small instrument on purpose

DISSIPATION.

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purpose to ascertain the disposition to a scruple—Indulge me with the favour of your wrist, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW.

Indeed, Sir, I will not; I don't want to be play'd the fool with at my time of life.

LADY.

Pray, Sir Andrew, indulge the doctor; he never does any body any harm.

SIR ANDREW.

No, nor any good neither, I believe.

DOCTOR.

Hah! A very violent irritation indeed! Wou'd wish you to take four spoonfuls of raspberry ice to regulate the internal heat.

SIR ANDREW.

Zounds! I never had any heat in my life, but after a fox-chace.

LORD.

Come, Doctor, I see Sir Andrew has no wish to try the experiment; so let us adjourn the consultation and go to the company.

DOCTOR.

With inexpressible pleasure. The honour of your Ladyship's finger. But, Sir Andrew, you'll certainly die, mind my word. [*Looking back at Sir Andrew.*]

SIR ANDREW.

No, no, Doctor—but I beg pardon—I contradict nobody. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Antichamber.

Enter COQUIN.

COQUIN.

Dis dejeuner, dis breakfast, be von pret divertissement en verité, and, bygar, I will amuse myself en attendant. Here, Jeames, Jeames!

G

Enter

Enter a Livery SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Well, Master Coquin, what do you want with me?

COQUIN.

Stepa you up stair, and fetch me de habit galonée, de fine coat, dat belong to my Lor. Make a haste.

SERVANT.

I'll wait upon you immediately ; but there's Labradore, the great Jew, just getting out of his chair. I must shew him into the company. *[Exit.*

COQUIN.

Bon, bon, Monsieur Labradore, you come here to my Lady, and I will go and return you the compliment. By gar you should teach your daughter to write von fair hand, for I have great difficulté to understand her billet doux. *[Taking out a Note.]* But no matter for dat, she be bien amoureuse de moi dis Mademoiselle Judith, and I am forte attaché to her fortune.

Re-enter SERVANT, with a Coat.

There, Master Coquin, there's the cloaths. You don't want to put them on and go into the company, do you?

COQUIN.

Fi donc ! fi donc ! you need not stay. *[Exit Servant.]* Ah, voila l'habit superb ! en verité : I shall look bien charmant. Ma chere Judith fancy me one nobleman, and by gar when we are dress de same, dere vill be no grand difference. *[Exit.*

S E N E IV.

Discovers a great Company sitting at Breakfast. A Tent open at the End of the Stage. Four Tables, two at each Side. Lady Rentless, with Doctor Quintessence and Labradore, Alderman Uniform, Miss, and Lord Rentless, Harriot, Sir Andrew, Charles, &c. &c. Servants waiting.

[Flourish of Instruments.

ALDERMAN.

DISSIPATION.

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A L D E R M A N, *calling to Lord Rendels.*

Stop my pay, my Lord, but it makes a martial appearance.

L O R D.

Well, Captain, are you resolved for the camp?

A L D E R M A N.

Fixt as a bayonet, or may I never pass muster again.

Miss U N I F O R M.

Indeed, my Lord, my Papa and I are quite ready.

L O R D.

That's right, my charming Miss, you shall not want encouragement.

L A D Y, *speaking across the Stage ironically.*

Your Lordship will have a very elegant volunteer in Miss Uniform.

Miss U N I F O R M, *pertly.*

I shall be proud to be instructed by his Lordship.

One of the Company.

Pray, Sir Andrew, have you heard the news? They say, Miss Evergreen, is gone off with a Jew.

L A B R A D O R E.

Bring me a dish of shocolate.

D r. Q U I N T.

Oh, very common in practice; I was call'd in, the other day, to the Dutchess of Dismal's youngest daughter, who rav'd of nothing but the graces of Harlequin Friday.

Sir A N D R E W.

That could be no fault of yours Doctor, as you always prescribe beautiful objects, you know.

A L D E R M A N.

Beautiful! Disband me, if I have not enlisted a brace of black drummers this morning, as fine fellows, and stood as fair to the eye as you wou'd wish to see.

One of the Company.

I suppose, my Lord, you will be call'd out early to the field?

DISSIPATION.

ALDERMAN.

Yes, I dare say we shall have warm work soon.

LABRADORE.

Get me some ish!

Lord RENTLESS.

But, Miss Uniform, you have not examin'd the gardens,
The best view is here. [*Leading her to the Front.*] At Eight
o'clock this evening—[*Whispers.*]

Miss UNIFORM.

But is it proper and genteel, my Lord?

LORD.

Nothing can be more the ton.

ALDERMAN, *calling out.*

Pray, my Lord, may my daughter and I pitch our
tent near yours.

LORD.

Cloze, Mr. Alderman. [*Labradore and my Lady come
forward.*] My dear Miss. [*Whispering.*] won't you give me
your—Soft, we shall be overheard.

Miss UNIFORM.

Any thing, my Lord, rather than that. [*Retires.*]

LADY, *to Labradore.*

Nay, Mr. Labradore, you promis'd I should have my
bracelets again to-day.

LABRADORE.

Upon my salvation, I shall bring them this evening to
the Hotel.

LADY.

At what hour did you say?

LABRADORE.

About eight o'clock; let me entreat you not to fail,
my dear Ladyship.

LADY.

Hush! we are observed. [*Retires.*]

ALDERMAN, *advancing.*

Tie me to the halberds, if this is not all very innocent
and pretty. Is n't it, my Lord?

LABRADORE.

DISSIPATION.

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LABRADORE *meeting him.*

Well, Maishter Alderman, you see I wash got into the line.

ALDERMAN.

Then take care how you get out of it, or you may pay for promotion.

LABRADORE.

Yesh, but we know how to pay people in their own coin.

Lady RENTLESS, CHARLES, and HARRIOT, *advance.*

LADY.

Well, Harriot! But I need not ask you how you are entertained, so I won't break in upon your tête à tête. My dear Sir Andrew, you don't give me your opinion of our breakfast.

LORD.

Nor, Sir Andrew, you don't tell me how you like my new uniform. What say you to the Alderman's jacket?

Sir ANDREW.

The Alderman! Oh, there, I ask pardon, very suitable, indeed.—I never saw any thing so absurd in my life. [*Aside.*

ALDERMAN.

May I never reach the standard, but it's convenient and short.

LABRADORE *shrugging his Shoulders.*

Short indeed! Agh! my dear Ladysh, how disagreeable it is to listen to some men.

LADY.

You are perfectly in the right, Mr. Labradore. That my Lord's folly should expose me to such impertinencies! [*Aside.*

DOCTOR.

Your Ladyship knows how to distinguish grace, the very essence of politeness.

Sir ANDREW.

And as efficacious as the juice of pines. [*Flourish symphony,*] But zounds, get out of the way, here's something to harmonize us.

DISSIPATION.

L A D Y.

Yes; my shepherdesses; don't put 'em out of countenance again, Sir Andrew.

Enter a Troop of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Shepherds Song.

R O N D E A U.

Smiling Love, to thee belong,
Festive mirth, and rural song;
Come ye youthful, come ye gay,
Haste and join our roundelay.

S H E P H E R D E S S.

Shepherds sighs in former years,
Oft were melted into tears.
Now in Britain's happier isle,
Every sigh shall yield a smile.
Therefore, Love, to thee belong, &c.

S H E P H E R D.

Sullen sorrow! fierce disdain,
Now no more afflict the swain,
Cupid's free and kindly dart,
Seldom fails to wound the heart.
Smiling Love, to thee belong, &c.

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Labradore's House strangely furnished, sawdry and dirty; variety of Cloaths, and other Things; a Table, Wine, Bunch of Grapes, and Jews Cake.

Coquin and the Jew's Daughter sitting:

COQUIN, *disguised like a Lord with a star.*

EH, bien, ma chere—You no think your papa come home to dinner?

DAUGHTER.

No, my dear Lord. He is gone out to breakfast with the peoples of fashion, and that will keep him till supper; so let me help you to some of this sweet grape.

COQUIN,

[*Tasting.*] Ah! bon, bon—your grape be no sour, you sly littel fox, you. [*Archly.*]

DAUGHTER.

But come, vid your glafs of wine, eat a piece of our cakes. Eigh, what wou'd my father say, if he saw me give de Jewish cake to de dear littel Christian?

COQUIN.

Ah! ah! But vat vil he say when he find de dear little Christian has run away vid his daughter, as well as his cake?

DAUGHTER.

Aye; he does not know how true and disinterested our love is.

COQUIN.

Disinterested! Certainement! à-propos, Have you secure de littel bijoux, de jewel, de bond, and de argent, just to amuse till I go vid you to my own country.

DAUGHTER.

Yesh; here they are all safe. Oh, how I long to be a French noblewomansh of quality! To see the king

king and queen at supper, and sit up all night at cards.

COQUIN.

Allons, my petite Israelite, by gar we got no time to lose. The parson is ready, and I have take de apartments exprefs. [*Going; a knocking at the door is heard.*]

DAUGHTER.

Moseph defend me! that is my father's knock.

Enter a Jewish SERVANT hastily.

SERVANT.

Preserve us! here is my maister come home. What shall we do! What shall we do!

COQUIN.

Your master! Sacre Bleu!

DAUGHTER.

Dear Rachel, where shall we put his Lordship?

SERVANT.

Lord, Miss! I'm in such a twitteration—Suppose—suppose—we put him up the chimney.

COQUIN.

Diable, n' emporte! Up de chimney! Parbleu, I shall be smoke. [*Knocking harder without.*]

SERVANT.

[*Running out.*] Well, then, you must manage it yourselves.

DAUGHTER.

[*Fetching the dress.*] I have it. Here is one of our Rabbi's dresses which has luckily been left here. Suppose you put it on. Quick, quick; it will deceive my father.

COQUIN.

De tout mon cœur—Vid all my heart; any ting to deceive your father.

DAUGHTER.

DAUGHTER.

[*Helping him to dress.*] There, take this flap hat.

COQUIN.

What! all dat hat?

DAUGHTER.

Yesh, yesh, my Lord. Your Lordship must affect to be sick, and your Lordship must try to speak in our dialect.

COQUIN.

[*Disguising himself.*] My Lordship! my Lordship! By gar, my Lordship shall try to do any ting. Mon Dieu! I am Jewish Abbé.

LABRADORE.

[*Without as entering.*] Why, Rachel. What was keep you so long from letting me in?

DAUGHTER.

[*Leaning over Coquin.*] Well, good Sir, how do you find yourself? Better?

Enter LABRADORE.

LABRADORE.

Why, shild. What are you about? Ha! who have we here?

DAUGHTER.

A father of our tribe who wash taken shick, and called in for a glass of water.

COQUIN.

[*Imitating a Jew.*] Yesh, ver true. Hearing you was one of the goodsh short, Maishter Labradore, I josht took the liberty to make free with your household. I wash fall ill this morning at de sight of two of our brethren who wash execute only for copy one oder pershon's name.

LABRADORE.

A very unlucky accident, indeed.

H

COQUIN.

DISSIPATION.

COQUIN.

Oh, it wash very unguarded ting; and brings disgrace upon us all. Ooh! ooh! [*Pretending to be sick.*]

LABRADORE.

Sackcloth and ashes, so it doesh; but don't be cast down, father, there are a great many that escapeth yet. I begsh pardon though, I must step into the other room to fetch some diamonds I am going to disposh of. Mind the good father, child. [*To his daughter as he goes out.*]

COQUIN.

By gar, our plan succeeds en merveille, ma chere. Ah!

[*Kisses her.*]

LABRADORE.

[*Returning.*] Father, won't you chuse any refreshment?

COQUIN.

Much oblige; but your daughter wash give me enough.

LABRADORE.

[*Going out again.*] That's right; be comforted, and don't take it so much to heart.

COQUIN.

[*After he's gone—To the Jewess.*] Mind what your good father says, child. [*Mocking him.*] Come, some more refresh. I will take it to heart, by gar, that I will.

DAUGHTER.

Hush, hush, here he comes back again.

Re-enter Labradore.

LABRADORE.

Well, I hopesh you find yourself revived. I wash obliged to go out, but my daughter will take care of you.

COQUIN.

COQUIN.

Yesh, she wash ver kind—goodsh day to you, don't mind me—I shan't stay long.

LABRADORE.

Goodsh day to you—I am going to strike a bargain with a friend's wife. [Exit LABRADORE.]

COQUIN.

And I with an acquaintance, daughter. [*Throws off his disguise.*] Ha, ma petite chere. [*Kissing her.*] By gar, de maladie, de sickness do so well—I will be sick all my life—'dat is love sick.

DAUGHTER.

And in truth the false priest pass so pleasant, that I don't care how soon I see the real one.

COQUIN.

Allons donc—now for de marriage tout est pret—adieu, Monsieur Labradore—Ah! my dear green box—and my dear littel wife—littel—by gar, I make you one great lady in a few month. [*Exeunt running.*]

SCENE II.

The Ladies Hotel.

A large Room, leading into several others; a Pair of large folding Doors in the Back.

Enter Lord RENTLESS, leading in Miss UNIFORM, who follows with reluctance.

LORD.

My dear Miss Uniform, there is not the least occasion to be alarmed. Here's no danger in being seen here. People of the first fashion visit their acquaintance at this hotel, and you may rely upon me, my honour.

H 2

MISS.

M I S S.

Ah ! my Lord, but if you should forget *your* honour, what would become of *mine* ?

L O R D.

Oh ! my charming apprehensive girl, believe me you are in perfect security ; besides, I am a married man, and——

M I S S.

So much the more dangerous. You married men have a privilege from your situation.

L O R D.

Yes, but then you know we are always to be trusted ; for we are suppos'd at least to be attach'd to our wives,

M I S S.

But what would be suppos'd, if we were seen thus together ?

L O R D.

Why, to confess the truth, it was upon that account that I took the tender liberty of requesting a meeting at this hotel, merely on that account ; as public walks are expos'd ; prudes censorious ; and the world too apt to put wrong constructions on the best designs.

M I S S.

Yes ; but if any of the world should happen to observe us here, and put wrong constructions.

L O R D.

Oh, impossible ! I assure you, not a creature ever presumes---

M I S S.

Bless me ! here's somebody presuming, I am certain.

L O R D.

Egad, so there is. Here, here, retire this way.

[They open a door on one side the stage and retire.]

Enter LABRADORE and WAITER.

L A B R A D O R E.

Waiter, wash there nobody enquiring for me, eh ?

W A I T E R.

WAITER.

Ye, ye, yes Sir ! there was a servant asking for a littel fwarthy-looking gentleman this morning.

LABRADORE.

Umph ! a servant ! No no, I wafh mean a ladysh, a fine womansh.

WAITER.

A fine woman enquiring for you, Sir !

Enter two Chairmen, bringing in a Chair——curtains drawn—they set it down.

LABRADORE. [*To the Waiter.*

Yesh, for me. Get along with your impertinence,

[*Exit WAITER.*

[*Approaching the chair.*] Let me take this sweet jewel, out of the littel black case.

LADY.

Sure, Mr. Labradore, you can't suppose I mean to come out of my chair.

LABRADORE.

Oh, yesh, my Ladysh ! Dat ish the more prudent.

LADY.

Well, well, I must not hesitate now.

[*Chair open'd—and taken away.*

[*After getting out.*] Lord, what an awkward situation I have brought myself into ! I am terrified at the oddity of it.

LABRADORE.

Ah ! my dear ladysh, you wafh so punctual.

LADY.

Yes, Mr. Labradore ; as I had promis'd, I would not break my word.

LABRADORE.

Oh ! it would have been a great shin.

LADY.

L A D Y.

And you would sooner forgive any other, I believe. I fancy I know the state of your vanity in that particular, to a scruple.

L A B R A D O R E.

Yesh; I have very few scruples indeed—

L A D Y.

You have a great deal of wit, Mr. Labradore.

L A B R A D O R E.

[Taking out the bracelets.]

I think I wash shine in conversation—I was tolerable brilliant; heh, my dear Ladyships:

L A D Y.

Yes, but your brilliancy, you know was stolen from me.

L A B R A D O R E.

Then I shall restore it to the right owner—Ah, the pretty rogues? Christian me, but I must have the pleasure of putting them on.

L A D Y.

Hold Sir—the bounds of decorum demand a certain attention, and require that one should observe—

L A B R A D O R E.

[Shewing the diamonds.]

Yesh; that one should observe—

L A D Y.

[Aside.]

I wish I was well rid of the fellow—how odious, and impertinent he is!

L A B R A D O R E.

What does her kind Ladyship say?

L A D Y.

I say one must not entirely forget the—

L A B R A D O R E. *[Interrupting.]*

The bracelets—which I am just going to place upon your fair hand—come my dear ladish. *[Trying them on.]*

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

Well, Mr. Labradore, since you are determin'd to be so gallant, as to indulge me with my own property again, be assur'd I shall not fail to insist on my Lord's repaying this piece of generosity hereafter.

L A B R A D O R E.

Hereafter——lordsh, how can you be so wicked——what have we to do but with the present?

L A D Y.

Oh, fye! I must leave you——my Lord expects to find me at home.

L A B R A D O R E.

So much the better, then he will never look for you abroad——Come, one token of gratitude.

[Offering to kiss her.]

L A D Y.

[Confused.]

For Heaven's sake, Sir, What can you mean? Impertinent——I think this is the way out, Sir.

[Going thro' the folding doors.]

L A B R A D O R E.

[Following.]

I believe it is——and I think I am out enough already.

L A D Y.

Defend me! here's company just coming in.

L A B R A D O R E.

This way, my dear Ladyship.

[They open a door on the opposite side of the stage, and retire.]

Re-enter Lord RENTLESS, and Miss UNIFORM.

L O R D.

Come, my dear Miss Uniform, we may return, the coast is quite clear.

M I S S.

Indeed, my Lord, I am so frightened, I scarce know what I am about——who could those people be?

I

L O R D.

L O R D.

What is it to us who they were? Don't trouble yourself about them—it can be no business of ours. Come, my dear Miss Uniform; do not always refuse to listen to a man who adores you.

M I S S.

Indeed I cannot listen to any thing now—I am so flurried and discompos'd—and—and——

L O R D.

Believe me, my love, you are perfectly safe. Come, come, throw aside this trifling coquetry.

M I S S.

Pray, my Lord, let me go---Indeed I won't stay.

L O R D.

For Heaven's-sake, my angel! stop but for a moment.

A L D E R M A N.

[Without.]

Don't stop me I say. I must speak with him about business of the regiment.

Lord and Miss together.

Zounds, your father---Here---there---any where.

[Run about to different parts of the stage, finding the door they came out from fast.]

A L D E R M A N.

[Entering.]

With a lady! What care I for his being with a lady. Heh, my Lord [advancing jocularly.] What's a lady to me, hah?

[My Lord attempts to receive the Alderman, Miss bursts open the door, where my Lady and Labradore are concealed.]

L O R D.

Confusion!

A L D E R M A N.

[Starting,

Heaven's! my daughter.

L O R D.

[Starting.]

The devil! my wife—

A L D E R M A N.

ALDERMAN.

I think, my Lord, you seem to have met more company than you expected.

LADY.

[Advancing.

It might probably be as well, Mr. Alderman, if some people minded their own business, and kept their daughters at home.

ALDERMAN.

Yes, my Lady, and their wives too.

MISS.

I think her Ladyship might at least have been quiet.

ALDERMAN.

Zounds! child, will you be quiet—don't make more stir than you have done.

LORD.

Indeed, Mr. Uniform, I hope you do not imagine that any improper motives; that is, that any view—that—that was not.

ALDERMAN.

Disband me, my Lord; but I know my duty to my superior officer, or else I'd sound such an alarm—But come along, child, you shall march without beat of drum.

[*Exeunt Alderman and Miss, flouncing by my Lady.*

LADY.

Impertinent! the taste that some people have is so extraordinary.

LORD.

I am entirely of your Ladyship's opinion.

LADY.

Intolerable, my Lord—

LORD.

I am surprised that *you* should think so, my Lady, who seem such a friend to toleration, and as much attached to one persuasion as another.

LABRADORE.

Upon my wordsh, I hopesh that you wash not offended at the littel appearance, for I shwear by Jerusalem—

LORD.

There's no occasion, Mr. Labradore, to go half so far.

I

LABRADORE

DISSIPATION.

L A B R A D O R E.

But I say my Lordsh, I should be shorry if you should be displeas'd with my Ladish.

L A D Y.

[Scornfully.]

Lord, Sir! How can you be so absurd?

L O R D.

Very true, my Lady—How could you fancy, Mr. Labradore, I should be angry about such a subject?

L A B R A D O R E.

Hoh! hoh! Well, if you wash not angry, then there was no occasion to be shorry—except for the bracelets. [Aside.] This it is to be so damn'd generous.

L A D Y.

But courage, Mr. Labradore; you know I've promis'd you for hereafter.

L A B R A D O R E.

Oh! my Ladyship, those distant securities wash very uncertainsh. I am glad to get off so well.

[Exit Labradore]

L O R D.

Your friend Mr. Labradore seems to have experienc'd a disappointment rather severe——

L A D Y.

My friend, my Lord! don't mention the odious wretch, I beg of you—I was only——

L O R D.

Nay, pray don't distress yourself; there is no occasion to invent an excuse for such a fellow.

L A D Y.

Certainly, my Lord—He is not worth telling a story about. I saw the creature walking in the street, and set him down here on business—When he would have me step in, forsooth, to see the apartments; and as your Lordship is under some obligations——

L O R D.

True, and probably he would have no objection to add to them.

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

Perhaps not ; for thinking I wanted ornaments he has been very attentive to supply the deficiency—Look you, my Lord, how surprisngly beautiful. [*Shewing the bracelets.*]

L O R D.

Ha ! Surprising indeed ! Ha, ha, ha, it was only a little conceit of mine, I thought you would find out where I had hid them.

L A D Y.

Yes, your Lordship is happy in conceits. I suppose the hiding Miss Uniform was one of them—You knew I should find that out too,

L O R D.

[*Laughing.*]

No, no, no !—Not so—She beckon'd to me from her carriage, as I was coming this way ; and out of a frolic, I would shew her the elegance of the hotel—Ha ! ha ! ha ! Egad, these city Misses are such imitators of their betters, they are always running in one's way---A-propos, my Lady, is your chair in waiting ? It would probably be as well, after this little *bruit*, to be at home this evening.

L A D Y.

By no means, my Lord, one would not do any thing singular *this* evening at least—any particular regularity would be noticed ; so I shall call in at a few places, plague three or four intimate friends, and retire to my own apartment, without disturbing your Lordship.

L O R D.

Your Ladyship is too kind. You know I never dispute any of your wishes : therefore I'll e'en go home, and think of settling Charles happily in marriage. The honour of your Ladyship's hand. Shall I place the jewels on your Ladyship's dressing table.

L A D Y.

By no means, my Lord---for if you should have another conceit, and happen to hide them, I may perhaps not happen to find them out again ; but as your Lordship seems conversant with all the doors in this house, will you

be so good as to shew me the direct way out ; for should we make another mistake, and be surpris'd together, it would absolutely ruin one among one's acquaintances.

[*Exeunt handing her out.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT,

A C T V. S C E N E I.

A Dressing-Room belonging to General Probe. Suits of Clothes, &c. laying about. A Table and Chocolate upon it. Servant brushing and putting on his Coat.

P R O B E.

SO, there are no letters or messages, you say, come from my sister, Lady Rentless, during my absence?

S E R V A N T.

None, General——there was a card for her Ladyship's public breakfast yesterday, but as you were not in town it was taken back.

P R O B E.

Well, well, be quick. You are as long making me up as an old dowager on a birth day.

S E R V A N T.

One more brush, Sir, and you are finished. Oh, I had forgot——the groom has been here this morning, to say that Noble is lame.

P R O B E.

How ! Why how could that horse be lame?

S E R V A N T.

Indeed, Sir, I can't tell how.

P R O B E.

No ! Don't you know I always will know how every thing

thing happens? Go tell the groom to take care of him; and do you take care to bring me a good account of it.

[Exit Servant.]

Thank God, all the reviews are over for this year—and a pretty dance I have had—crossed the Thames fifteen times out of sport—charg'd thro' twenty thickets for diversion, and gallopp'd over Chatham barracks to take a flying inspection.—But now for my sister, to enquire into her family regulations since I left town—I suppose Charles's marriage is all settled, and I have only just to step in to eat some wedding cake, and see whether the bride blushes on the occasion.

Enter TRUSTY, in a great hurry.

TRUSTY.

Oh, General Probe! I was afraid you were not got home yet—but I hurried to tell you—

PROBE,

To tell me what?

TRUSTY.

Lord, Sir! such things have happen'd—

PROBE.

Happen'd! When? how?

TRUSTY.

Oh, Sir! the Lord knows how—

PROBE.

Very well—but how shall I know how, unless you inform me?

TRUSTY.

Why, General, you shall hear—Yesterday evening, my master, the alderman, went out of his shop to get orders—regimental ones I mean—

PROBE.

Ah, Trusty, I always told you, that orderly plan of his would produce nothing but confusion—But why tell me this nonsense?

TRUSTY.

Because I thought you were the only person in the world to make it out.

I

PROBE.

DISSIPATION.

P R O B E.

Well then, be quick.

T R U S T Y.

So, Sir, all of a sudden, home comes he with young Miss, his daughter (who, to say the truth, is as fanciful as himself) under his arm——there, Madam, says he, pushing her into the room, I shall put you under arrest——Lord, papa, says she, I won't submit to such treatment—I'll have a court-martial on my conduct.

P R O B E.

Very spirited, i'faith——But what is this for?

T R U S T Y.

Why, Sir——(I hope nobody will hear us)——I understand that my master, not finding my Lord at home, went to a hotel in pursuit of him, and there he caught his Lordship and Miss together.

P R O B E.

How! But I hope nothing amiss had happen'd?

T R U S T Y.

No, no, his Lordship's schemes were defeated.

P R O B E.

Schemes! How could my Lord even imagine such a violation of delicacy, especially when he has the honour to be married to my sister.

T R U S T Y.

Lord, General! he minds nobody's sister——beside, begging your pardon, they say her Ladyship minds as little as he does.

P R O B E.

What! how! Dissipation on all sides!

T R U S T Y.

Yes, yes, it has made a fine confusion in the family. And it is whisper'd too, that my Lord has not been over scrupulous in the management of his ward's affairs——great deficiencies I hear.

P R O B E.

You astonish me! But how again? Indeed certain monies

monies were left in his power to lay out for Charles's advantage——

TRUSTY.

Aye, aye, he has laid them out for somebody's advantage.

PROBE.

And there were estates to be sold to pay off some incumbrances——

TRUSTY.

Instead of which, I fear, the incumbrances have encreased.

PROBE.

It can't happen, I tell you——it must be utterly impossible, that a peer of this country, whose honour is his oath, can condescend to break through a solemn engagement on any account whatever.

TRUSTY.

It should be impossible, General——but great men get over difficulties——However, I must now hurry home to my master—he talks of speaking to this Lord in an honourable way too—the devil take such honour, I say.

PROBE.

I believe his honour had better be quiet.

TRUSTY.

I hope you'll excuse me—but I thought it right to inform you of every thing I knew for the credit of your family, as well as our own.

PROBE.

Thank you, honest Trusty, the families are equally oblig'd to you.

TRUSTY.

Your servant, General.

[Exit.]

PROBE.

Your servant, Trusty.——I am determin'd to dive deep into the business: for tho' I don't know how all this could possibly happen, yet some how or other it is a kind of thing that I don't know how to make any thing of.

[Exit.]

SCENE.

SCENE II.

A Room in Lord Rentless's House.

*Enter Sir ANDREW hastily, with Papers in his Hand;
CHARLES following.*

CHARLES,

But, Sir Andrew—

SIR ANDREW.

But, Mr.—

CHARLES.

I am sure you will find yourself mistaken.

SIR ANDREW.

But I am sure I never can be mistaken—What! attempt to make me believe you were possessed of an ample fortune, large estate, and an unencumber'd property; and here I find, from my lawyer, that the very reverse of all this—

CHARLES.

I don't understand what you mean, Sir Andrew—I hope you don't imagine—

SIR ANDREW.

Oh, no, Sir, I imagine nothing—it's as plain as a pike staff, and as legible as these papers in my hand.

CHARLES.

You'll excuse the warmth of my expressions, Sir Andrew: but you must give me leave to inform you, that I did not expect such treatment from your hands.

SIR ANDREW.

Nor I from yours—but I beg pardon—I suppose it's one of the fashionable methods of treating country gentlemen—tho', Sir, I will say, that—But it's all very well.

CHARLES.

I beg you'll explain yourself, Sir Andrew.

SIR ANDREW.

It's done in an instant—But no matter, I'll defer it to another opportunity.

CHARLES.

CHARLES.

Sir Andrew, I must insist upon immediate——

SIR ANDREW.

To be sure, Sir. I am your most obedient humble servant. Sir, I shall take the liberty of setting off for the country immediately, and leave all these high-bred manners, and maxims of polite life, behind me. Sir, your very humble servant. [Going.

Enter HARRIOT.

HARRIOT.

My dear papa, here is the charmingest present come home that Charles has sent me. You must come and look at it.

SIR ANDREW.

Ah! it may go back again, as I intend to do. So order your things to be packed up directly, as I shall set out in half an hour at farthest for Acorn Hall.

HARRIOT.

Sir!

SIR ANDREW.

Don't attempt to dissuade me, I say. Don't you endeavour to alter my resolution; but that's impossible, so you may say what you please.

HARRIOT.

Heavens, my dear Sir! you alarm me to death. Pray, Sir, explain—Do, Charles, tell me the occasion of this sudden alteration.

CHARLES.

Oh, Harriot! I scarce know myself. But some idea that your father seems to entertain that I have deceived him.

SIR ANDREW.

And so you have, most monstrously—No; I beg pardon, you have not. No man *can*, that I will say.

HARRIOT.

Pray, for Heaven's sake, my dear father, explain the reason, and make me wretched, if I am to be so, at once.

K

SIR

SIR ANDREW.

Why, child, you know when I consented to this match of yours, that gentleman there informed me of his being immediately to possess a very large property, which I very readily believed, imagining that no person of character could—But I beg pardon. And now I find the estate next to nothing, the whole of it being disposed of, to pay off the numerous debts that were upon it.

CHARLES.

Impossible!

SIR ANDREW.

Very probable, I should think; for I have the accounts here in my hand, all distinctly written and vouched by your guardian.

CHARLES.

Vouched by my guardian! Amazement! But assure yourself, Sir, that I retain a proper sense of your suspicions, which time will shew you to be ill founded.

SIR ANDREW.

Time! Yes, yes, there will be time enough in all conscience; for I shall depart immediately, and leave you all the time you can wish. So come, child, take your leave of Lady Rentless, and my Lord too, who, I suppose, will be the first to laugh at my scruples.

HARRIOT.

My dear Sir, let me beg—let me entreat—

SIR ANDREW.

Don't entreat me, I say. I am resolved upon going; and though I hate obstinacy, I never alter a first intention. So come along.

HARRIOT.

[*In tears.*] O Heavens!

SIR ANDREW.

Psha, child. Shew a proper sense of the dignity of your character and a firmness. If I stay here much longer, I shall yield. [*Aside.*] 'Tis want of integrity,
not

not fortune we resent. So come along, child, and prove yourself the daughter of Sir Andrew Acorn.

[Exit Sir Andrew taking out Harriot.

C H A R L E S.

Wretched as I am, my resentment overcomes every other passion. To be charged with imposition, and that by the father of the person I adore—Distracting thought! But I will discover the cause of his suspicions, or not exist under the weight of them. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

A Room in the Alderman's House.

Breakfast finished; Uniform sitting with his Head upon his Hand, ruminating; she looking down and playing upon her Fingers.

A L D E R M A N.

[Recovering from his reverie.] A plague upon all daughters, I say, with all my heart!

M I S S.

Lud, papa, you make so much to do about nothing.

A L D E R M A N.

Nothing, do you call it, to be found with a man alone!

M I S S.

Alone! Why, I am sure there was company enough.

A L D E R M A N.

Ah, a pretty company truly! Have you forgot what a nice thing a lady's honour is, and that a breath may destroy reputation?

M I S S.

Then what signifies talking so much about it. I repeat it; the rencontre was quite accidental.

A L D E R M A N.

Don't tell a—A soldier though should never give the lie—But no matter. I'll soon have another rencontre; fire and faggot but I will.

M I S S.

Dear, papa, you are grown so passionate since you went into the army, and have got such a habit of swearing, that you terrify one to death.

K 2

A L D E R M A N.

DISSIPATION.

ALDERMAN.

Damnation! but what's that to you. I believe, I shan't easily frighten you, Miss Brazen.

Enter WINNI hastily.

WINNI.

Dear-a-me, dear-a-me, your honour! Here's Deputy Dowlafs, and two or three more Aldermen come to enquire after your accident.

ALDERMAN.

Aye; there it is. The murder is all out.

WINNI.

Yes; they say you were run through the body by a nobleman, and drove away in a hearse that was passing by at the time.

Enter TRUSTY.

TRUSTY.

[*Hastily.*] Oh, Sir! Here's the devil to pay. A general from the artillery ground has sent to know, if the family would have them bury you with military honours, and fire over your grave.

ALDERMAN.

Zounds! shut up the doors and bury me alive. There, Miss, you see what your vagaries have come to. But if I live and do well, I'll cut somebody's throat—cannonade me but I will.

MISS.

Gracious! my dear papa.

ALDERMAN.

Don't dear me. Blood and wounds, guns and gunpowder!

WINNI.

Alack! alack! we shall be all blown up for ever. Pray, Sir, forget your honour, and think of the shop. The poor shop! Oh! Oh!

ALDERMAN.

ALDERMAN.

Damn the shop. Trusty, where are my pistols? Bayonet me, but I've a good mind to meet him with a fusée, and make sure of him at once.

TRUSTY.

Heavens, Sir! What would become of you if you should commit murder in cold blood? Justice would—

ALDERMAN.

Justice be hanged. What has justice to do with honour? Is n't it proper that all soldiers should fight once in their lives to establish their fame. Oh, here are my trumpeters.

[Taking down his pistols.]

MISS.

Dear Sir, think only of the danger of the times, and that your country has a right to your assistance.

ALDERMAN.

Let my country for once go without.

WINNI.

Pray, your honour, relent.

ALDERMAN.

[Examining his pistols and not regarding them.] Flint and steel.

TRUSTY.

Consider, Sir.—Allow yourself one short interval.

ALDERMAN.

[Stepping over the ground.] Twelve paces only, and the first shot.

WINNI.

[Falling on her knees.] O dear, sweet, good, kind, Sir, pray don't. Have mercy.

ALDERMAN.

[Without regarding her.] Fire to an inch, and lay odds that I hit him. May I never be mustered, if I shan't be an example to the whole army.

[Ex.t.]

MISS.

[Following her father.] Lord, papa, we shall be all put in the newspapers.

TRUSTY.

T R U S T Y.

[*Following.*] Yes; and some of us in the Gazette.

W I N N I.

[*Following.*] Oh, the shop! the poor shop! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*An Anti-Room in Lord Rentless's House.**Enter General* P R O B E.

P R O B E.

Well, now I shall certainly see how matters are. Trusty only supposes, that my Lord and my sister— Ah! I hate supposes, particularly about women. No, no, I dare say I shall find all within as happy—aye, as happy as a wedding can make them.

Enter C H A R L E S *hastily.*

C H A R L E S.

O General! you are the person I most wished to meet. During your absence I have made such a discovery!

P R O B E.

Aye!—how!—where?

C H A R L E S.

Yes, Sir, from being one of the most envied, I am now the most miserable of mankind.

P R O B E.

A very notable discovery, indeed.

C H A R L E S.

But I will at least revenge myself on the villain who has undone me. I beg pardon, General Probe, for joining that name to a brother-in-law of yours. But Lord Rentless shall feel——

P R O B E.

Lord Rentless! Explain yourself.

C H A R L E S.

The loss of fortune I could easily sustain; but to be lowered, sunk, degraded, in the eyes of those we most esteem——

esteem---O Sir, the distress of my mind is more than I can support.

PROBE.

Compose yourself, my dear Charles. Let me know how, and what has happen'd to you, and assure yourself, that no ties of blood shall prevent me from fulfilling the duties of a man of honour.

CHARLES.

I know, General, all your goodness, and therefore scruple not to inform you, that my Lord Rentless dishonourably abusing the trust that was reposed in him, has sacrificed my fortune to his own purposes, while my total ignorance of this transaction has made me appear the mean mercenary cheat that wanted to impose upon the honour, the generosity, the love—I cannot proceed further.

PROBE.

There's my hand, boy, and if——

CHARLES.

If, Sir——Can you suppose that I would dare to trifle with you? But as for Lord Rentless——

PROBE.

Moderate your resentment---there yet may be mistakes, indeed I don't see how.

CHARLES.

Nor any honest man how a villain may proceed. But to lose every hope that mutual tenderness had fondly planned, to appear a low impostor to those whose generous bosoms had given me their unsuspecting friendship---'tis too much.

PROBE.

I will set all things to rights. Every thing shall be turn'd topsy turvey, and that's the way to come at the truth.

CHARLES.

O Sir! your Goodness is too late. Sir Andrew supposing me unworthy, is this instant setting off for the country; but injuries like mine cannot be forgiven, and I must have the only satisfaction that is left.

PROBE.

P R O B E.

So you shall——so you shall——but——

*Enter ALDERMAN hastily.**A Brace of Horse Pistols under his Arm, crosses the Stage without seeing them.*

A L D E R M A N.

Points of honour must be determin'd immediately Sir, your pardon—Charles, your obedient—Lord Rentless within? Alone, heh? A small thing has happen'd—you understand me—an affront—pistols—satisfaction—good by'e to you. [Going.

C H A R L E S. [Bringing him back.

Alderman Uniform, one word by your leave. Has any thing happen'd betwixt you and Lord Rentless?

A L D E R M A N.

Happen'd—but—but I say little—Reports will get abroad tho'—You'll excuse my mentioning any thing; but I fancy the world will say, the affront offer'd to my daughter—Mum, I'm silent—I wish you good morning, gentlemen. [Going on the other side.

P R O B E.

How, Sir! Having some interest in Lord Rentless's conduct, permit me to ask you if his Lordship has dar'd to offer an affront to your daughter

A L D E R M A N.

Affront! pistol me—but no matter—no man shall presume to offer any thing, to any part of my family, while I wear a jacket.

P R O B E.

But say how can this have arisen?

A L D E R M A N.

How! death and fury! but any explanation would be dishonourable.

P R O B E.

P R O B E.

What ! an explanation dishonourable. Sir, let me tell you, that I believe I am full as old a soldier as you are ; and that I hold a fair explanation as the first proof of courage ; and searching things to the bottom, the best argument of a good understanding.

C H A R L E S.

Don't be too warm yourself, General,

A L D E R M A N.

General ! Oh, oh——drefs to the right.

C H A R L E S.

I have not the least doubt from my knowledge of Lord Rentless, that he is capable of any conduct whatever ; and his designs upon this gentleman's family have been long notorious.

P R O B E.

How ! Are you certain of that ? What ! affront my sister, and entertain designs.

A L D E R M A N.

Yes, against my daughter.

P R O B E.

Zounds ! I'll pistol him myself upon the spot.

A L D E R M A N.

After I have done with him, that is.

P R O B E.

But does your daughter confirm this act ?

A L D E R M A N.

No, she'll confirm nothing ; but I don't mind that, I have proof sufficient, and if I had not——no matter——courage must be shewn, the army require it, and Alderman Uniform, in a good cause, would meet the devil.

P R O B E.

But, Alderman, if that's your military title, before you proceed, I would advise you to step home, and bring your daughter in your hand, for then our enquiries will be more regular, as she is the best person in the world to explain the mystery.

L

A L D E R M A N.

ALDERMAN.

[Hesitating.

Ha ! I'll take your advice, General ; for when I know what has been done——why——then I shall know what to do.

[Exit.

GENERAL.

Come along, my dear boy——We'll go this instant, and make his Lordship clear up this business immediately, or I'll know why.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.

*A large elegant Saloon.**Enter Lady RENTLESS, HARRIOT following.*

LADY.

Well, but my dearest Harriot, can I possibly help it, that Charles's fortune should not prove so large as Sir Andrew might expect ?

HARRIOT.

Ah, Lady Rentless ! can you be insensible to the anguish of my heart ?

LADY.

Poogh, poogh——My dear Harriot, you must not indulge these idle complaints ; you see that your father is prudent enough to prefer fortune to every other consideration ; and therefore you should act like a discreet girl, and follow his good example.

HARRIOT.

How can your Ladyship trifle with sorrow like mine ? Afflicted, as I cannot fail to be, I own, I hoped from your friendship, if not a remedy, at least an alleviation of my grief.

LADY.

Why so it will, my pretty sufferer——will it not be carried down again, with all due decorum, to Acorn Hall, to be consoled with the good natured reflections of maiden aunts, and the compliments of country cousins, there to enjoy a sober tête-à-tête with its papa, who is a pleasant--

fant--

fant—I beg pardon, not altogether pleasant; but who knows the world, and contradicts nobody.

[*Mimicking him.*]

Enter Sir ANDREW, hastily, equipped for his journey.

S I R A N D R E W.

Well, child, I hope you are ready for our departure, and have said your civil things to Lady Rentless here?

L A D Y.

Yes, Sir Andrew, we have been saying a great many civil things about you, I assure you.

S I R A N D R E W.

Always much oblig'd to your Ladyship, no doubt. I presume, my Lord is engag'd at the House; so would not think of taking gentlemen from the good of their country for mere ceremony—Hope, your Ladyship will speak for us; and so, child, we'll be her Ladyship's most obedient and——

[*Going.*]

Enter General PROBE and CHARLES.

P R O B E.

Why, hey! my old acquaintance, Sir Andrew! What! in such a hurry to be gone, when I have made all the haste I could to come to you! Sister! Lady Rentless! what is the meaning of all this? What! nobody answer? And here's my little favourite too! [*To Harriot.*] Won't she tell me how all this is?

H A R R I O T.

Pray, General—I beg you will not—I cannot——

P R O B E.

Why, this is strange indeed! Beginning a wedding in tears! I have heard of their ending so—But, where's my Lord? I hope he can explain this to all our satisfactions.

C H A R L E S.

Yes, and shall do it.

L 2

Enter

Enter Lord RENTLESS.

P R O B E.

Oh, my Lord! you are just come in time to answer us all, so, speak openly at once.

C H A R L E S.

No, my Lord, a word with you in private——

L O R D.

Why, devil take me, I can't speak in two places at the same time——that's more than any member can do, at least, gentlemen.

P R O B E.

Come, come, my Lord, pleasantries on some occasions might as well be laid aside. It is necessary that you should explain how it is that this young couple, whom I expected to find on the point of being united, seem to be separating for ever.

L O R D.

Separating, General! I profess, I do not comprehend you.

C H A R L E S.

My Lord, no evasions, if you please——but inform me by what means my fortune——

L O R D.

Your fortune! The devil!——Oh, I believe Sir Andrew fully comprehends the state of that.

S I R A N D R E W.

Yes, yes, I believe we perfectly understand each other, and more than some people would wish. But I beg pardon—I understand nothing.

C H A R L E S.

But I beg pardon, Sir Andrew—you understand too much. My Lord, my Lord, this must be unravell'd.

L O R D.

Oh, dear, nothing so easy. Had I my papers here, I could explain the whole in an instant.

Enter

Enter LABRADORE.

LABRADORE.

Oh! chursh upon that wicked Lorf! I wafh robb'd—
—I wafh plunder'd—All the writings of hifh eftates that
wafh deposited---all gone---all lofht!

PROBE.

Robb'd of his writings! How is that poffible! he's
but a tenant for life.

LABRADORE.

Devil take his life! I mean the fecurity of the Weft-
India property that I wafh to buy, and have paid large
fums of money in advance.

PROBE.

Ha! how was that?

LABRADORE.

How! Why, my daughter is gone off with a curfed
French Lord, and taken jewels, monies, and all my move-
ables along with them—Oh, my papers! my bonds!
my deeds! Oh! Oh!

Enter COQUIN, with a parcel.

COQUIN.

Ah! mon chere, papa, don't make fo noife—here are
de papiers dat Mademoifelle, your daughter, my wife give
to me.

LABRADORE.

Your wife!

COQUIN.

Yes, I am de French nobleman, and one of de goodf
fhort de poor fick Rabbi, dat your daughter married out
of difinterefted love.

LABRADORE.

Difinterefted love! Oh, the unnatural child! There
never wafh any fuch thing in our family. But give me
the fhweet parchments—let me embrafh them once
more.

[Running to feize the papers.]

COQUIN.

COQUIN.

Pardonnez moi—I have got great desire to understand, and as I no speak de Englis much better as yourself, I will give to mon General to translate.

[*Gives the deeds to Probe.*]

PROBE.

[*Spreading the parchments.*] Hey day! Why, it will take me an age to get to the bottom of these. [*Reading.*] What's here! Charles Woodbine!

CHARLES.

As I live, my name and title deeds!

LABRADORE.

Your deedsh! Why, I never had any thing else for my monish.

Enter ALDERMAN and Miss hastily.

ALDERMAN.

Here we are, my Lord, daughter and co.—Now only think, my Lady.

LADY.

Indeed, Mr. Alderman, I can think nothing about you.

LABRADORE, *on one side.*

But I repeat it, my Lorf, my property that is gone.

ALDERMAN, *on the other.*

But I say, my Lord, my daughter that is here.

CHARLES.

And I urge, my Lord, my character that has been asperfed.

LORD.

A truce, gentlemen, for a moment, and I will explain myself. Though fashionable indulgencies may have led me into error, I hope I am above a deliberate falshood to conceal it. The deposit of Charles's deeds with Mr. Labradore, was merely to fupply a temporary neceffity; but he will find from my fteward, that I had the means, as well as the intention, of reftoring all his property unhurt, and Sir Andrew *fhall* fee this matter clearly, at leaft.

SIR

SIR ANDREW.

Pray though, my Lord, do you in London call this taking care of your ward's affairs in the country—But there we know nothing.

PROBE.

Yes, Sir Andrew, there is one thing known and agreed upon every where, that no extravagance or necessity should tempt a man to violate his trust. But let us not be unkind; something may be allowed to the incaution of youth, and something to the too general dissipation of the times.

ALDERMAN.

Dress to the right; if the General thinks so, my daughter shall be angry no longer.

MISS.

Dear, papa, I never was angry at all.

ALDERMAN.

Hold your tongue, child, I say you was. Well, old Labradore, remember I told you, though you had got into the line, you might pay for promotion.

LABRADORE.

Yesh, *young* Uniform; but I shall take the means to be repaid with interest immediately.

LADY.

Nay, Mr. Labradore, remember our bargain was only for hereafter, and I'm sure my Lord will in proper time fulfil the engagement—but let me do one piece of immediate justice. Come, Sir Andrew, with your consent I'll place this hand where I know it will be most valued. [*Taking Harriot.*] Poor thing! it shan't go into the country to enjoy a *tête-à-tête* with its papa.

SIR ANDREW.

Charles, I have done you wrong; and it shall be the business of my life to do you justice—no, that's impossible, so I won't undertake it; therefore, Harriot, do you make him all the recompence you can.

COQUIN.

COQUIN.

Let me now hope my Ladie will spoke to mon papa.

LABRADORE.

I won't hear a wordsh.

LADY.

Come, come, Mr. Labradore, there was a time when I could persuade you to any thing—even to the parting with your securities.

LORD.

And as I have undertaken to replace their value, your resentment should subside.

LABRADORE.

To be sure, my Lorsth, if I recover my monish, I shall think less to loossh my daughter; so, Mounsheer, presherve your principles, and you shall come and be one of the goodsh short.

ALDERMAN.

And, Ephy, if you want to make your son a gentleman, put him on a jacket.

PROBE.

Come, my friends, as harmony seems again restored, we will now retire to celebrate the union of this deserving couple; and at the same time let us reflect, that the present rage for dissipation, by treating lightly all the serious engagements of life, is at once the bane of filial affection, parental tenderness, and nuptial love.

SIR ANDREW.

Well said, my worthy friend, and should any here venture to dispute your assertions, I shall not hesitate to declare—But I beg pardon—I never contradict this company.



FINIS.

